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THE POETICAL REMAINS

OF

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

THE POETICAL REMAINS

OF

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER,

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE,

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

52875

BY

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MEMOIR.

MEMOIR.

TO men of letters, or their associates, who outlive the middle age, a melancholy task is sometimes awarded;—that of compiling the memoirs, and presenting to the public the posthumous remains of their early contemporaries;—the friends whose higher gifts and keener sensibilities contributed perhaps to their speedier removal from the troubles and disquietudes of our earthly existence. In the instance of the highly endowed but unhappy individual in whose behalf it has fallen to the lot of the present writer to discharge a part of these duties, the performance of the task is alike difficult and painful. The life of WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER was almost as uneventful as it was unhappy; the memorials of his genius which remain are for the most part fragmentary; while the causes which produced his unhappiness and prevented or marred the full development and exercise of his intellectual powers are of a kind which it is almost impossible to render intelligible to the mind of the general reader. That he was by nature rich in those intellectual gifts which

his academical contemporaries so unequivocally recognised in him, will indeed, it is hoped, be manifest even from the few and brief productions of his pen contained in the present volume. But these, though the fruit of no common mind, rather indicate what their author might have become, than prove what he actually was. Other and more elaborate as well as larger memorials of his genius indeed remain, and are likely, before long, to see the light,* which can scarcely fail to vindicate in his behalf a high and distinguished rank among the philological writers of his native country; but after all, when the entire mass of what he accomplished shall come to be impartially surveyed, and compared with the brief and melancholy record of his life which these pages are intended to present, perhaps the feeling most likely to arise in the minds of intelligent readers will be regret that one capable of so much should eventually have achieved no more; that one so gifted by nature, and so accomplished by study, whose moral aims were so high and noble, whose qualifications for attaining them so great and many, should have lived and died so unhappily, leaving behind him so little effected for the instruction and improvement of his fellow men.

* His notes on Shakspere, which are very voluminous, are in the hands of W. N. Lettsom, Esq. the recent and accomplished translator of the Nibelungen-lied, who has kindly undertaken the laborious and difficult task of editing them. An equally large mass of miscellaneous criticism is still waiting for an editor.

For the following characteristic narrative of Walker's early years, we are indebted to the pen of his surviving and aged Mother:—

"WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER was born at Pembroke, in South Wales, on the 4th of December, 1795; he was named after his godfather, Sir William Sidney Smith, with whom his father served some years as midshipman. On the paternal side he was of an old Yorkshire family; and on the maternal descended by his grandfather from the Scottish Fullmans and Cawdors,—by his grandmother from the old Milners of the north, and therefore from the venerable historian of the Church. At the period of his birth his father commanded a small armed vessel belonging to Government on the Channel station, for the protection of trade, and carrying despatches, &c. He was born in very delicate health, and almost blind, from (as was supposed) his mother being nearly shipwrecked just before his premature birth; but great care, and her removing to London for a time that he might be under the care of Mr. Ware, the celebrated oculist, so far restored his sight that there only remained through life a dim speck in each eye. He was always, indeed, near-sighted; but his vision so strong that he could read the smallest print by twilight,* when those around him could scarcely see

* The reader of Walker's poetry can scarcely fail to observe the peculiar charm with which twilight affected his imagination.

the book he held. His mental powers were very precocious, and his memory remarkable; for at eighteen months old, when other infants can scarcely articulate, he could repeat most of the little nursery poems of those days; and such was his desire to read, that at that period his aunt's husband, the uncle of the present Lord Chief Baron of the Common Pleas,* who was then teaching his own little girl, was prevailed upon by Sidney's earnest and eager desire to let him learn his letters, contrary both to his own judgment and his mother's It was only necessary to repeat them once to him, and tell him how to form a word by joining letters;—he never required a lesson afterwards, but asked a question if in difficulty. At two years of age he read in a History of England before many gentlemen at Liverpool, one of whom still survives, and his power of calculating numbers in his mind was quite extraordinary. It would scarcely be believed if the account of his early attainments were faithfully communicated. He had read History extensively at five years old, and Poetry still more devotedly; and it is a known circumstance that when, at six years old, the tailor came to measure him for his first suit, he was sent into what was called Sidney's little study, a small quiet room he much favoured; and on the man stating his errand, and his mother repeating it, Sidney said, "I am reading, come and

* The late Lord Chancellor.

tell me about this line; I cannot tell quite what Milton means here." To which the man replied, "I know nothing about books, Sir, I am come to take your measure for your new clothes;" and poor Sidney was obliged to put down his Milton, saying, in his always sweet manner when a child "I am so sorry you do not know about such books, they would make you so happy." The child cared not for new clothes; he never did at any period of his life. He received his early education from his mother, which indeed was attended with no trouble, but the truest pleasure; for it scarcely needed a touch to elicit the flashes of his youthful talent, or the expression of his (even then) accurate perception of moral and intellectual beauty; and once when he had, as he rarely did, displeased his mother, she missed him for some little time and found him in the little room on his knees: on enquiring why, he said he had been praying to God never to be naughty again to his dear mamma. His father being seldom at home from his naval duties, he agreed with his mother to consign him to the tuition of his uncle Mr. Fullman, of Doncaster, whose classical and general knowledge rendered his school a very popular one at that time, and who was much respected, being twice mayor of that town. While there, his uncle, observing one day his pockets very much filled out, wished to know the contents: he found them to be many translations of the odes

of Anacreon, from the Greek, and very ably done. Sidney was then only ten years of age: soon after he laid the plan of an epic poem; but his health beginning to decline, it was thought advisable for a time to consider that only, the School at Doncaster, which consisted of an hundred young gentlemen, being too large for his retiring habits; and he passed a year in the very salubrious air of Forest Hill, with the good Mr. Dixon, previous to his being placed at Eton. There his nerves and constitution were materially strengthened. About this time his father had a desperate engagement with some Danish gunboats in the Weser, where the vessel he commanded was stationed for protecting the trade of England; and though he finally destroyed nearly the whole of them, it was at the price of his life; for many splinters from the masts having lodged in his side, they induced a diseased action of the liver; the wounds continued to suppurate internally, and he died, after long and severe suffering, at Twickenham, in 1811. The good Mr. Inglis, the then secretary to Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, told his widow that, had he lived, a sword would have been voted him for his gallant conduct; but, that if she would send in a memorial of his services, the committee would not be unmindful of his claims. She did so, stating his having been with Lord Nelson, at the siege of Copenhagen, and also in the attacks on the French Flotillas, at Boulogne, where he narrowly

escaped with life, being twice cast under his own boat in attempting to board, &c. This document is still, of course, in the office of the Patriotic Fund, at Lloyds, signed by the Baroness Howe, the good Mr. Wilberforce, forty years a faithful friend of the family, by several Admirals, and others. The committee sent the widow two hundred pounds. Sidney Walker had not been long at Eton when this sad bereavement visited his mother, who was left with five young children—he being the eldest—and one unborn till two months after her husband's death. She was placed in a trying position, with only a small freehold in Kent, and her pension as an officer's widow. She knew the whole would be required for the expenses of Eton alone; but she felt he was not fitted for any active profession or worldly pursuits, except literary ones; and she therefore resolved, though in a very hazardous state of health, to receive a few young ladies from the higher circles to finish their education, and thus complete that of her own children. It pleased God to crown her endeavours with success, and her family were so educated as not to discredit the memory of their father or the family of their mother. Sidney Walker distinguished himself at Eton both by exemplary moral conduct and by high classical attainments, and obtained many prizes, with two scholarships, (as I think,) before he went to Cambridge, where he soon became eminent both for learning and talent,

being first a Trinity Scholar, then gaining the Porson prize, &c.: he was then elected a Craven Scholar, and finally a Fellow of Trinity College.

* * * * * *

While at Eton, he produced part of the before-mentioned epic poem, Gustavus Vasa, which, as he began it at eleven years of age, was considered a promise of considerable poetic talent; but his absence of mind, from the earliest period of his life, formed a leading trait in his character. When on a visit to his aunt, at Thirsk in Yorkshire, a place where his name is still loved and honoured for the simplicity and gentleness of his character, he was accustomed to take long walks for contemplation, and being then much intent on some interesting part of his hero's career, he lost his way, and his anxious relatives, after waiting many hours, sent out servants on the different roads around the town; but he was not found; and after a night of great solicitude on their part, he was conducted home by a kind old cottager, who had found him the previous night, very late, sitting at her door, weary, footsore, and in want of food: she supplied his wants, bathed his feet, and put him to bed till morning, when she brought him from near Boroughbridge to Thirsk. Of course her hospitality was gratefully acknowledged and rewarded. A volume might be filled with an account of the extraordinary positions into which he was thrown by this abstraction of mind,

and his entire truthfulness of character. He knew every line of Homer by rote; and once, when at Eton, the Baroness Howe, (whose son, the present Lord Howe, was in the same form with Sidney,) having invited him to dine with them at the Christopher Hotel, he asked Dr. Keate, who had just given him an imposition for not attending to the absence bell,* (his only fault there,) if he might repeat the two hundred lines then; to which the Doctor replied, "Nonsense, why you have not yet had time to look at them." "Oh, sir," replied the artless boy, "I can repeat all the book to the end." He had permission, of course, to dine with his friend; but no doubt he regretted his frankness when he found his impositions afterwards were never mere exercises of memory, but chiefly Greek verses, in the composition of which he was, I believe, very eminent for his years. Once, at the house of Mr. Commissioner Reeves, who had just introduced him to Sir James Mackintosh, the former said, "Our young poet, Sir James, can turn anything into Greek verse." "Indeed," replied the talented Baronet, "what do you think of a page of the Court Guide?" It was however done, but unfortunately not preserved."

* * * * * *

Considering Walker's peculiar intellectual constitution, perhaps the selection of Eton as the place

* The roll-call: no bell is used at Eton.

of his education was the most natural, and even the most judicious, which his friends, under existing circumstances, could make. Yet his personal character, his physical defects, and even his mental peculiarities were such as to disqualify him in a lamentable degree for encountering the ordinary trials and conflicts of a public school life; and however successfully his powers may have been developed in the course of his Etonian career, it has been doubted whether the unhappiness which he experienced during its continuance, did not produce moral effects, the disadvantages of which more than counterbalanced any intellectual or scholastic advancement to which he attained. His defective eyesight, his abstracted habits, the awkwardness and oddity of his manners, his extreme slovenliness in dress and person, were peculiarities, such as are certain to incur ridicule, and the last of which provokes inevitable persecution at the hands of schoolboys. Nor were Walker's moral and social qualities such as to disarm or mitigate the animosity of his assailants. On the contrary, they rather tended to aggravate it. His humour was sarcastic, his temper stubborn and dogged in a high degree. There was nothing conciliating in his bearing towards his offending school-fellows. Unable to sympathize with their ways of thinking, or to make allowance for their intellectual or moral inferiority to himself; conscious of powers, which a few only of

the more intelligent among them were competent to recognise, and which even if recognised, would be little respected by the coarser spirits, he was at no pains whatever to disguise the contempt which he felt for his tormentors; and far from endeavouring to turn away wrath by meek answers, would retaliate ridicule for ridicule, and repay persecution by relentless sarcasm, not the less offensive to the individual against whom it was directed, because often equally poignant and well applied. But while his humour was thus contemptuously satirical, he was somewhat inconsistently incapable of raising himself above the level of his assailants by a dignified deportment under annoyance; and whenever bodily pain prompted, or protection was at all likely to be obtained by a sufficiently vigorous exertion of his voice and lungs, he never hesitated to make such exertion, without regard to time or place,* sometimes even flying for refuge into the private apartments of the assistant masters themselves. Such a course could not fail to produce increased irritation on the part of his assailants; and the result was that annoyances, from which few or no boys, on first entering a public school, are ever totally exempt, but which for the most part cease in a short time, were in his case

* I write here from my own personal recollection. At the time to which I more particularly allude, Walker was seventeen, I myself thirteen years of age.—J. M.

aggravated into a regular and permanent system of unrelenting persecution; disgraceful indeed to its perpetrators and abettors, but not altogether unprovoked on the part of its victim. That he was far more sinned against than sinning is indeed undeniable; but it is perhaps equally so that the course of treatment which he experienced at Eton, and which has been regarded* as actually productive of the most permanent deterioration on his mind and genius, was occasioned less by any peculiar malevolence in his school contemporaries, or (as some have supposed) by any special unsoundness in the system of discipline under which it was practised, than by peculiarities in himself, which rendered him, from the first, entirely unfit to associate with school-boys in general. Nor does there seem to be any sufficient reason for supposing that, either morally or intellectually, he sustained lasting injury from the annoyances in question. They do not appear ever to have penetrated much more than skin deep. Certainly, they neither crushed his spirit, nor materially, if at all, retarded or distorted the development of his genius. While he flung himself with his whole

* The Rev. Derwent Coleridge, in his most interesting memoir of his brother Hartley, has the following observation in manifest allusion to Walker's Eton life:—

"I have myself known a man * * * * * * of the very largest natural capacity, whose whole moral and intellectual nature had been dwarfed and distorted by the treatment which he had met with at school. His genius, which it was impossible to quench, kept smouldering on, till life and it went out together."

soul into the studies of the school,—"discerning the spirits" of Homer and Æschylus, with the intuition of a born poet, mastering and appropriating the glorious language in which they wrote, with the tact and acumen of an almost born scholar,—he continued to enter, with considerable zest and relish, into the ordinary interests of Eton life; imbibed not a little of its public spirit; and contemplated, from his peculiar point of view, the character of his school-fellows and the occurrences of the day, with no small degree of humorous enjoyment. He wrote satires, after the fashion of the Dunciad, on the commotions and quasi-rebellions of particular boarding houses; prologues to be delivered at Long-Chamber theatricals; pungent epigrams on masters or præpostors. And it may be remembered that in later life, while he continued to look back, with unabated fondness, on the brighter side of his school-days, the persecutions, which at the time threw so dark a shadow over them, were "no more remembered, nor came into mind." The impression left upon his memory by the general tenour of his Eton life was altogether a pleasurable one. Whatever bitterness may ever have been mingled with it must have past away with his boyhood. In one of the most finished and exquisite of his later poems, he numbers Eton among his

"Goshen spots,
Aye bright with spiritual sunshine."

Little more need be said of his school-life. The most remarkable event by which it was distinguished was the publication of the four first books of his projected epic, Gustavus Vasa. This was done by subscription in the year 1813, when his age was seventeen. In his preface he thus speaks of the origin and design of his poem:—

"'Gustavus Vasa' was originally planned (the reader will smile) at eleven years of age. When the author began to know what poetry was, his first design was to write an epic poem. The subject was soon chosen; and the progress of the work was various: sometimes hurried on with all the ardour of hope and enterprize, sometimes relinquished for more lively pursuits, and left to sleep for months in the leaves of a portfolio. In this manner were six long cantos completed. At length the author, in his thirteenth year, perceived numerous faults and extravagances in his early composition. He destroyed the manuscript: and some time after recommenced his poem on a new and more rational plan.

* * * * * *

"It was designed to embrace the whole actions of the hero, from his first signalizing himself under Steen Sture, to his death in 1560; but as all this could not be regularly related without destroying the unity of the poem, it was thought most convenient to begin with his introduction among the Dalecarlians

at Mora, and conclude with his first election to the royalty, in 1523; the rest being introduced by means of narration, anticipation, and episode.

"It will be doubtless objected, that the enterprize is beyond his powers, and that he acted rashly in undertaking it. But this is no light scheme; no work, begun for want of other amusement, and deserted when a specious or pleasing subject for poetry presented itself. He has considered it seriously; the subject appears full of poetical capabilities, and superior to many others which offered themselves; and if the opinion of the world coincides with his own in this point, he has resolved to make it the favourite employment of his maturer years, and to reduce it as far as possible to perfection."

It cannot be denied that Gustavus Vasa, when published, failed to satisfy the expectations which had been formed of it by those who were best acquainted with the author's genius. However felicitous it may have been (as the work of so young a poet) in point of expression and versification, and however remarkable the indications which it exhibited of his precocious habits of thought and study, there was little or nothing in it which either manifested or gave promise of any high and distinctive poetic power. No doubt the composition, as well as the publication of the poem, was premature. The author was conscious of high instincts and aspira-

tions, the strength and earnestness of which he probably mistook for the actual operation of a faculty, which in reality was not yet developed; and the result was such a failure as might have been expected. The shorter poems published in the same volume are of a higher order of merit than the epic itself; the translations from Homer and from Klopstock indicate, perhaps, greater original power than do the translator's own original productions; and the Latin pieces, consisting entirely of school exercises, shew that he had begun to think in Latin more vigorously and poetically than he was, as yet, capable of thinking in English; that his mind had caught a breath of inspiration from the classic Muse far exceeding in freshness and vitality any afflatus which had yet come to him from the genius of his native country. Some specimens of these productions, both English and Latin, are given in the present volume.

The following letters, written at intervals, during the course of his Eton career, though for the most part in a lively and playful vein, may perhaps serve to mark, in some degree, the progress of his intellectual development up to the close of that period:

"*Eton, June 21st*, 1810.

"DEAR AUNT,—

"As you are so kind as to say a letter of mine may be acceptable to you, I have no apprehen-

sions in writing. I need not, therefore, add a long prologue, but may hasten instantly to the subject.

"Of such things as have happened to my mother and me, since I had the joy of seeing you, I suppose you are well aware; and as the Odyssey says, what so tedious as a twice-told tale? I am now at Eton, and as the phrase is, going on tolerably well; employed alternately on my learning, and on my poem, which is increasing like a molehill, and will soon grow rather large: my employment (if I may call it such) during my stay in Yorkshire, will be to describe two bloody battles, with a few other pleasant things of the same sort. My mother, I think, is at Admiral Essington's at present; she has not been very well of late, and I am waiting in anxious suspense for a letter from her. Maria is at school, thriving in wisdom; and the youngest hope of our family, most probably, is at this moment asleep in his bed, without any care to disturb him, and according to the last accounts in very good health.

"Eton being properly a small world, has its fashions, amusements, parties, politics, &c., like the great one; there is a literary debating society, and other clubs; and the newspapers are in incessant circulation. I have, by contagion and contact, grown quite a politician; being intimate with a quidnunc, of great wit and strong party-spirit, who contradicts Johnson's assertion, that a man's patriotism is of small influence on his happiness. I have known

him discourse for nearly two hours together on subjects which, to any other than a professed politician, would be tremendously insipid. He was plunged in a deep melancholy for a whole evening, on hearing of the late armistice; and once called me a great wretch, for not believing that the English were far better than Greeks, Romans, or any nation living or dead. Such is the character of my chief companion.

"I have received two most pleasant letters from the two Harriets; they were indeed, as my friend Homer expresses it, sweeter than trickling honey; and I fear I have committed a great offence, in neglecting a request of my sister's. Till the 15th of this month was past, I actually forgot whose birth-day it was. You will be so good, however, as to present Harriet with the following lines, which are better late than never. I will attempt no excuse for the delay; it is inexcusable. Procrastination is my evil genius; I should rather say Forgetfulness; it draws the thread of disappointment over all my fair intentions, and—but a truce with morality, and let me hasten to my poem.

"To My Sister on Her Birth-Day.

"Harriet! if right I deem, thy mind
True poesy can well discern,
Gentle, yet not to failings blind,
Thou from the worthless strain can'st learn.

Yet, sister, with no critic eye
Examine this incondite lay,
Though far unlike what laurell'd Pye
Pours on his monarch's natal day.
The Muse—a fickle vagrant power—
Our unimpassion'd strains inspires,
But, when affection's song we pour,
Refuses still her wayward fires.
Yet Tasso with fraternal love
Could consecrate Cornelia's name,
And could I Tasso's equal prove,
Cornelia then might grudge thy fame.
Still may thy days with blessings shine,
As Time rolls on his circling sphere;
And may a happier lyre than mine
Still hail thee, on each passing year!

"I am the sport of fatalities, my dear Aunt; and one of them is, that whenever I sit down to write a birth-day or marriage ode—except it be for people not related to me—the product of my mind is always a mouse—unsuitable to the hopes I had formed of it. Therefore, if my dear Harriet finds this very stupid, and nothing equal to the one she erst recited on my mother's birth-day, I trust she will excuse it, and let the intention suffice. Remember me to my cousins, and my uncle; and believe me, dear Aunt,

"Your affectionate Nephew,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Eton, Oct.* 7, 1812.

"DEAREST PEGGY,—

"I need scarcely tell you, that my delay of writing to you was occasioned by my not being able to ascertain precisely your locality, while you remained in London. Excuses are almost superfluous with you.

"Do not be surprised at two letters arriving instead of one. Perceiving that my mother laboured under dejection of spirits, I thought the least I could do would be to attempt to revive her, if possible; and would write twenty letters, did I expect to gain my point by them. Perhaps she will be diverted by the story of the ghost, which is as follows:— A valiant wight was standing on Windsor terrace, in the quality of royal watchman, or guard: he, as it is said,

"——had been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain—though not in Italy,

like the superannuated door-keeper of Melrose Abbey. The hour of owls and spectres approached—and on a sudden his ear was saluted, or assaulted, with sounds seemingly superhuman: terrified, like honest Marmion, by the 'voice unknown,' he turned his eyes, and fixed them immoveably on a tall aërial form, which, arrayed in the ghostly costume of white, passed, 'smooth-gliding without step,' three several times between him and his watch-box. Down dropped

his weapon, and silent through fear he awaited the further motions of his equally silent visitor, for the voice had ceased. He expected, in a few moments, to see half Windsor Castle tumble over the ears of the other half; or, perhaps, the moon tumble down, with a few stars in the bargain; or perhaps he feared something worse; when the ghost, having probably forgot his message, climbed up the castle wall, à la Grimalkin, and vanished from the petrified militaire. All was silence around, and the son of Mars, terrorised, or rather completely horrified by his supernatural visitor, revealed his mighty secret to his companions. Fame spread wide the event; old women shuddered, and the very dogs and cats of Eton sniffed some wonderful presence. Alas! the days of wonder are past, and some wits, who pretend to discredit apparitions and all the marvels supposed to proceed from the other world, have degraded this mysterious adventure into a piece of waggery, exercised by a servant, with the assistance of phantasmagoria.

"I have been happy enough to be 'sent up' the first of the squad, as before: the subject of the poem is Justice; I am sorry to say that there is no mention of that venerable matron Law, nor even of the flower of lawyers, Messrs. W. and C. Walker. Notwithstanding this omission, it is, I think, pretty good in its way. I lately made my debut in Greek Verse—the theme was a favourite one, and one which would have even made Harriet Wild write Greek.

I need not explain it any farther; you know what she loves. Lady Howe paid her son a visit yesterday, with Mr. Phipps; I was summoned to take a glass of wine, and spent a happy hour and a half in their company. She was as kind as ever in her manners, and appears to retain her whole affection for our family. I know not whether you will see her much; but she was returning to her dear habitation when we met, and intended to pay Montpelier Row a visit. Miss Middleton hopes you are well; she will be very glad to see you again tread the soil of Eton;—so will many more, perhaps, whom you know not; though the joy will be of a troublesome nature. But I am proceeding on the supposition of your accompanying Mr. Walter; chance may prevent it, and save two or three hundred hearts, otherwise in danger. I wish you well with Childe Harold, and hope he will not make you in the dumps, like himself. Of Gustavus I have no such fear.

"Remember your affectionate cousin,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Brentford April* 14, 1813.

"DEAR COUSIN,—

"As I have a very good opportunity of sending a letter to Thirsk, I think it just to write to you, to let you know that you are not forgotten here. When I wrote to my sister, not long ago, I was disturbed by the homilies of a neighbouring pea-hen,

which smothered many nascent fine ideas in my brain—not to mention the irreparable loss of one exquisite expression, which was just on the verge of being created, when the sudden sound of the aforesaid pea-hen's voice threw my thoughts out of order, and reduced it to its original chaos. Now, however, as I am writing in Capt. Tomson's drawing-room at Brentford, and as all the family, and the favourite dog Ratler (did I ever mention Ratler to you? he is a fine creature—Harriet will describe him to you) I say, as all these are now as mum as a swarm of mice, or quakers, I have a chance of writing a fairer letter. Perhaps you will not be able to make out what I mean by 'homilies;' (l. 5.) the word is adpoted from our great poet,—

"'On Brignal cliffs and Scargill lake
The owlet's homilies awake.'

So much for the pea-hen.

"I hear that some new things have happened at Doncaster—to whit, relative to Sarah and to other 'young women.' (Do not let her know I have called her such.) I should like to know when Sarah is to be married; or whether there is any chance of the gallant Captain's dying from the delay.

"I have no news to mention—things go on here in their usual course. My mother has been unwell lately, and is scarcely recovering. Duckey is just returned from school—drank too much ale to-day, which, with other things, made her ill—is now well, and asleep.

Pop is as merry and hearty as ever—he is the perpetual motion—I wish you could see him. I am pretty well—have been busy some time in the parliament at Stockholm, and do not expect to finish the debate for some time longer.

"A friend of mine, a Mr. Townsend, whom I have probably mentioned to you as the Poet of Futurity, and the author of a yet unwritten poem called Armageddon—this person, by the kindness of of our worthy Mr. Archdeacon Cambridge, has just got a comfortable curacy, and is now happy for life—I forgot myself; he has not got a wife;—I mention his good luck, because I know you and Harriet will rejoice in it, first, because he is my friend, and secondly, because he is a Poet—An address of his to the Moon, in the first Canto of his Armageddon (do not start at the name) would enchant you: if you come near him, you will undoubtedly fall in love with the Rev. G. Townsend.

"I have not written to Margaret lately; and, for fear my top (I believe I compared her to that lively instrument) should begin spinning with anger, have offered her a propitiatory sacrifice of a letter. I will tell you a secret—I have adopted her pleasing style of filling half a letter with excuse and self-exculpation. The imitation, I doubt, will not equal the original. Do not let her know I am roasting her; a top, when provoked, is sometimes a dangerous thing.

"We wish you and Pussey were here. My

mother would be exceeding glad; it would cheer her spirits. Duckey would 'o'erleap the stars for joy.' Pop himself, and the cat, and Pug, would be all equally transported. But, as Virgil says, 'the fates forbid.'

"Having nothing better to send, I will send a specimen of my long work—it is about the discovery of Gustavus to the Dalecarlians, who were expecting him—and the shout they raised on seeing him. The signs of his appearance were, the rising sun, and the north wind.

"The sun shot instant from the depth of night,
Earth, air, and sea rejoicing at his sight,
And pour'd o'er all the skies a radiant stream of light.
That instant, loos'd from his aërial chain,
The thundering North wind swept th' affrighted plain,
Rent and dispers'd the forest's crackling boughs,
Shook the tall hills, and rock'd the castles on their brows: &c.

They hear, they see the signal from on high!
The shout of thousands rends the stormy sky;
They hail their heaven-sent hero, and proclaim
To rock and valley their Deliverer's name;
Gustavus echos through the cavern'd wood,
Gustavus shakes the mountain and the flood;
Loud, deep, continued, the terrific sound
Rolls on, and tempests all the air around:
Th' affrighted eagle from his nest on high

Soars on spread wings, and screams along the sky,
As proudly mingling with the northern blast
The shout of joy o'er half the province pass'd.—

"O had I the wings of a dove! or could I, like Southey's hero, annihilate space and time! then would I leap over to you in a minute! But since this must not be, I am content to remain at present, dear Harriet,

"Your very affectionate Cousin,

"W. S. WALKER.

"Tell Harriet that we have discovered a discovery—that Walter Scott's Matilda is exactly like her; to wit—the eyes, the nut-brown hair, the cheerful yet sedate disposition, and, in short, the tout ensemble of the said Matilda. I must not arrogate to myself the honour of this discovery—it is my mother's. If Pussey had not arrived in Yorkshire after Rokeby was published, I should have thought Walter had certainly drawn his picture from my fair sister. See the description of Matilda, I think in the beginning of Canto 4 or 5."

"*Eton, July 6th,* 1814.

"DEAR MARGARET,—

"I have written a letter addressed to my sister Harriet, which I begged my mother to beg my uncle to transmit to her when he returns from

London to Yorkshire; but as it is uncertain when she will receive it, I write immediately to appease your injured deity. I know not how to begin—verily, I have sinned without excuse; and to attempt palliation would be as bad as the crime itself; what then can I do but quote my brother Dryden?—

"'Mercy is Heaven's own gift; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind.'

"The lady to whom this was addressed, granted the thing requested; though that was a love affair, which this is not; no matter, it is a good example, and I hope you will forgive a Palamon who (less unconscionable than the former) asks nothing but forgiveness. Indeed, my much-offended cousin, I cannot afford to be at variance with any of my friends; so let us follow the example of the nations, and make peace. Pray heaven this comes not in an unlucky hour! an hour when, perhaps, you are disputing with a Falconar or a Wilde, or disappointed about a lover or a ribbon, or seized with the tooth-ache, which is apt to make people cross; in short, may you receive it at one of those moments when the heart is all tranquillity and overflowing good-nature, in love with itself and all the world. My gentle Margaret of Branksome, let me have my pardon signed, before I go home, and be no more seen. 'Re'lly now, 'pon honour,' I am as innocent

of ill-will to you as my cousinling, my new-born namesake that is to be; or as the fortunate Hibernian with whom you and another passed some time; or as Heathcock himself, whom I just quoted, if he's alive. You see I am copious in my similes: there are some among you who love them. But enough of supplication; let me tell what I have to tell. My mother is (as I suppose you know) at a lodging, No. 88, Mary-le-Bone. She has struggled with great troubles of late, and has been terribly worried, to use one of your energetic Yorkshire expressions, with cares and anxieties. Yet her health is better than usual; she is selling the Dover house; the best thing she could do. I shall be with her in three weeks. Our family, from Walter to Pop, are well. I am glad to find Harriet has heard from my mother. I have written above five books of Gustavus—very long ones; the first is 1662 lines, the second 1690. So when I meet you again, I shall, to quote my above-said brother's words to a lady, 'come down to you with a volume of poetry in my hand, like a dog from the water, with a duck in his mouth.' My plan is extensive beyond conception. To flatter your sex, who I know like it, I have inserted some female characters—Christina, a heroine; Ernestine Nederbi, a loving wife, (almost as out-of-the-way a character)—Sophia and Mary, Vasa's mother and sister, both, as Cowper says of Gilpin's wig and hat, excellent in

their way; there is also a ghost, that of the lady Augusta, Gustavus's 'first folly,' but who died, poor thing, about my cousin H.'s age. Apropos of H.—tell her that I have, like the allied armies, obtained my point after a good deal of difficulty; which was, to borrow the atchievement of Miss B.'s much-lamented cat, that H. was curious about (I think it was she); I hope to have it copied by a good hand, and send it her the first opportunity. So much for H. My dear Peggy, are you still single? there are three of you, H., Sarah, and yourself, my much respected cousins, hanging like so many goodly uncropt oranges on a tree at Seville, which many a traveller passing by casts a thirsty eye at, yet cannot pluck them,—for why? they are not his own; so the three beauties remain there untouched, in nature's beauty. Homer would have said, like three fair meadows, which said traveller, seeing, wishes for his own. I could say, burn this letter, but that I know such requests are seldom attended to; but I have here compelled you to do it, by mentioning one of the Falconars. Puss destroyed my last on the same account, lest it might fall into their hands. Remember me kindly to them; they were very kind to me last Midsummer. Is James yet an admirer of my sister Matilda? Has he written any more verses to her? Tell me all. Did you spend your time happily at, what is the name of the Hibernian's residence? Do you survive your

return to the most disagreable of all places? I hope its worthy inhabitants go on well; I always remember them with regret and gratitude; and for the place—I wish never to see it again, or to live there always. I am at present very much troubled and sad; but let that pass. Is H, W.'s nose at all larger? I hear Bernadotte's has fallen by reason of the obstinate resistance of the Norwegians. Talking of them I have scraped acquaintance with a Dane, a clever man, who is an author like myself, and writes and speaks English like you or me. He tells me a good story about Oechlenschlager, a contemporary Danish poet—it is in the letter to Harriet which I committed to my uncle's trust; but no matter. My friend (Mr. Anderson) was talking with this bard on poetry; when the latter observed, that there was none of the genial current in England. But, said Anderson, there is a great genius in Scotland. What is his name?—Walter Scott. Walter Scott! repeated Oechlenschlager; I never heard of the name. My friend replied—If I were now talking with Scott on poetry, he would probably tell me that we had none of the genial current in Denmark. I should instance Adam Oechlenschlager,—Oechlenschlager! he would say, *I never heard of the name.* You see, Peggy, fame is not universal; Scott was then scarce known in Denmark; Wellington is yet unheard of by the Chinese; my sister Harriet, tho' famed for beauty

throughout Twickenham, Yorkshire, and Eton, is probably unknown to the Irish, and other barbarous—but hold! I see a placid brow wrinkling itself into a frown, rather awkwardly, as it is unused to frowning; so no more against the admired Irish. I fear you have not seen the Emperor; but be comforted sweet coz; I too have been disappointed, 'and social sorrow loses half its pain.' However, I have shaken hands with the King of Prussia and Platoff, and touched the flap of Blucher's coat. I shall have it engraven on my tombstone. I thank my dearest Pussy, heartily, for her letter; and wish it had been herself. Give my congratulation to my cousin Charles and his lady on the little sprout added to the Walker tree. I am glad he is to be named William, as I heard from official authority. Remember me to my dear Aunt, and to my cousins of all sorts; and give my best respects to the Wasses, I must name these, tho' I have not room to particularise the rest.

"Farewell, and remember

"Your repentant kinsman,

"W. S. WALKER."

In October, 1814, Walker commenced his University career at Trinity College, Cambridge. The chief of his academical successes have been enumerated by his mother, in the document already cited. The following letters were written during his undergraduateship. They are arranged, like those which

precede and follow them, in chronological order, whenever that is possible; the date being frequently omitted:—

"DEAR AUNT,—

"I know you will have no objection to a letter from me, though I wear a purple gown, and ought, at least, to be deep in the mysteries of *a* and *b*. There is, I confess, something in the writing a letter to a friend, which transcends even the pleasure derived from the conversation of those primitive and faithful companions. What say our travelled relations? has my little Erminia escaped with her heart unenthralled by a loyal monsquetaire, or a French marshal? has she found the beauties and pleasures in France which she anticipated in days of olden time? Have none of the party imbibed, from the view of the palace of St. Cloud, or the touch of a gold Napoleon, the infection of Buonapartism? I pour in a torrent of questions, as the wicked opposition did once upon the ministry. Doubtless you will be able to answer them all in a most satisfactory and most diplomatic way.

"I send you some lines, written by myself: the subject an Evening Walk in a particular part of the University:—

"The west is clad in thousand dyes,
The busy hum of day declines,

Peering in beauty from the skies,
The silver star of evening shines.

"The air is still, and o'er my brow
The evening breezes softly play,
As up this shaded pathway now
I bend my solitary way.

"In such a scene, at such a time,
The sage may rove from labour free,
'Till, settling slow, his thoughts sublime
Subside in sweet vacuity.

"In such a scene, at such an hour,
The wounded breast may seek repose,
And feel soft evening's balmy power
Steal gently on his cherish'd woes.

* * * * * *

"Remember me to all the republic of uncles, cousins, cousinets, and friends, among whom I would distinguish by name the Wasses, and perhaps more, if I had room; as it is, I squeeze them all into a corner; and remain, dear Aunt,

"Your affectionate nephew,
"W. S. WALKER.

"Is William Walker still a geographer?"

"*Euston Place, July* 3. [1816?]

"DEAR AUNT,—

"It is now a long time since I wrote to any one in Yorkshire; and I take the opportunity of a packet of Mr. Willie's, to break my long silence. I have now been a month at home, and expect to return to Cambridge in a few days, there to pass the long vacation, as it is called, in study. My career has not been fortunate hitherto, but I hope it will be so hereafter. I have very little history to impart to you, at which you need not wonder, for the things which interest us book-worms would very little affect you good folks in Yorkshire: Charles's legal head would not be much edified by an anecdote of Professor Monk; or your poetical imagination kindled by a new treatise on Fluxions. I saw the first-mentioned some time since, at Cambridge. He came,—said a few words,—departed,—appeared again,—said a few more words,—and vanished like a meteor of the night.

"Give my love to Harriet, who I suppose intends to marry before long; and tell her that I hope the good man will treat her well, and take good care of her. Remember me also to Margaret, if she is with you. Perhaps we shall have the pleasure of seeing the first in town before long. My mother would be very much gratified; and so, with Mr. Willie's leave, should I. We are here, the hen and her chickens, in our retreat, passing the summer vacation; my

mother's pupils being gone. My sister had lately the satisfaction of seeing the new-married prince (I mean the foreigner), whom she thinks stern-looking, and apparently calculated to keep his wife in order. But this I leave to others.

"I thank you for the long-desired red books, which you have been so good as to send me. You have seen my ode on Waterloo, &c. It has received the honour of great approbation from the Duke of Wellington, as I understand; which makes me stand five inches and a half higher. I was gratified (to talk still of myself, for I am very vain) I say I was gratified with the opinion which my cousin Harriet expressed concerning the Poems from the Danish. To her judgment I submit the following lines, written by way of corollary or epilogue, on finishing the said translations:—

"Harp of Denmark, farewell! in thy pine-grove reclining
I found thee, swept o'er by the North wind alone,
And thy chords, as they sigh'd seem'd in wonder repining,
That an accent so sweet had been murmur'd to none:
Till I seiz'd thee, and spread the rich charm of thy strains
To souls that can burn, and to hearts that can feel,
And Britain heard soft through her answering plains
The voice of her mother* in melody steal.

* "England, knowest thou thy Mother?"—Oehlenschlager.

"They had heard of thy notes in the ages of yore,
When the Scald and the warrior swept o'er thy string,
When the raven-crown'd squadrons yell'd wild thro' the shore,
And Death flew amidst them on wavering wing:
But they knew not thy sweeter, thy loftier tone,
That sang of fair Denmark all kingdoms above,
And the flower of the soul by no tempests o'erthrown,
And true-hearted friendship, and soul-thrilling love.

"Harp of Denmark, farewell! but if happier men
Awake thee again from thy shadowy pine,
(And who that has heard would not hear thee again,
Though sway'd by a touch far more feeble than mine?)
Forget not the hand that awaken'd thee first
To pour thy soft notes on the gales of his birth,
And bade from thy golden strings joyously burst
The song of affection, of glory, and worth!

"Remember me to my uncle, and Charles, and his lady, and their four chickens; also to all my other cousins, and friends at Thirsk, especially the Wasses; and believe me, dear Aunt,

"Your affectionate Nephew,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. Cam. June* 18, 1817.

"DEAR AUNT,—

"It is now a long time since I have written to you, which, however, I must confess, is the case with some of my other correspondents; and the subject on which I write is one with which you will probably have been acquainted some time,—to wit, my acquisition of an University scholarship; so that, in announcing to you my success, I only tell you what you know already. Mine, however, it is, and obtained not without a stiff contest, my opponents amounting to sixteen, a most unusual number, and most of them men (more or less) of approved valour; so that I may justly felicitate myself upon my success. I have no doubt the news of it excited great pleasure among my friends at Thirsk, and yourself among the foremost of them, who have always been so much interested in my welfare. I hope this good fortune will be a prelude to further advancement, which, under Providence, it promises fair to be.

"This day is the anniversary of our great victory, and the deliverance of Europe; in which I, as a hero of Waterloo, am particularly interested. On this day the Waterloo Bridge is to be opened. I understand that it is the grandest structure of the kind, and that its expence is estimated at about a million.

"Lord Byron's drama of Manfred is just published. It is in his usual style, a large assortment of misanthropy and melancholy, a spice of love, plenty of

diablerie, and, in short, the perfection of Byronism. His third canto was Byronism rarefied. There is a good deal of nerve in his delineations of mental evil; but the writer, who places before our eyes a picture of vice, without pourtraying the contrasted beauties and glories of virtue; who dwells con amore on the sufferings of man, omitting to expatiate on the comforts of religion, and the happiness of a future life; who endeavours to impart an air of dignity to a bad character, when in fact all wickedness is in itself contemptible, however mingled with a sort of ill-applied fortitude—is surely unjustifiable in a moral point of view. So much for my critique, which, if you perfectly understand, the better. You are not to suppose, however, that I am new to the art: in the last Quarterly Review but one, you will find an article on Cowper, my first public essay in criticism.

"Remember me to cousin Harriet, and Margaret, and Charles, with his young family; in short, to all cousins of all sorts; and to my friends, the worthy Wasses, Mrs Clarkson, and all other old acquaintances; and last, though not least, to the venerable market-place, the flats, the bridge, and my good friend Mr. Carver's currant bushes. And now, with love to all,

"I remain, dear Aunt,

"Your faithful nephew and poet,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. Aug.* 18, 1817.

"DEAR AUNT,—

"I have not written to you for some time, which I dare say, from your accustomed kindness, you will not take ill. I am now at Cambridge, returned from a short visit to my wife and family in London, whom I left pretty well, considering. They tell me I am now to devote myself zealously to mathematics: I hope the gods will endue me with fortitude, or kindly inspire me with a penchant for my new mistress. However, as I have not known her hitherto very intimately, perhaps on better acquaintance the wrinkles may wear off, and she may display as pretty a face as my cousin Sarah Sharpe herself.

"Harriet Wilde and Margaret, I understand from tradition, are about to take a trip to France, or perhaps are already there. I hope they may edify by their expedition, and may assert the *legitimate* sovereignty of English beauty in foreign lands.

"Mr. Moore has lately treated us with a long poem.* What is the opinion of the Thirsk critics, and of the critics about Thirsk, on its merits? It attracts a great deal of attention in our part of the world. I myself think it a rich cloying composition—very brilliant, and voluptuous, and dazzling, like King James's 'vest of changeful satin sheen' in Marmion—but not satisfying—not what one

* Lalla Rookh.

would wish. There is a lack of worthy and dignified moral sentiments, to render it great—and of lively characters, to make it interesting. It is all Persian pinks, and tulips of Cashmere (if tulips do grow there)—very good of their kind, but nothing else but pinks and tulips. And thus we have given you our opinion—start not—for we are reviewers, having written a critique on Cowper in a late Quarterly Review. Dismounting, however, from my weship, I will give you some verses of my own, at the peril of having as surly and whiskered a criticism applied to them as I have bestowed on Little Thomas's poem. They are a description of morning, written on the top of a coach, in travelling from Cambridge to London. So that Sir R. Blackmore is not the only poet who has written in a coach. I know not, however, whether I shall ever acquire as much fame by my rotatory effusions as the worthy Knight. But to my text:—

"How beautiful! the eastern sky
Is fring'd with soft and lovely red:
Beneath, the meads in prospect lie,
With silvery dew like mist o'erspread.

The single star, that late to view
Shone like a point amidst the sky,
Is lost amidst the brightening blue,
And boundless Morn prevails on high:

And oh! the clear enchanting sheen
That skirts the east with beauty now,
As if the Sun, himself unseen,
Shew'd to the world his saffron brow.

The Sun is up: his pale red eye
Between the morning mists he shews;
And, riding slowly up the sky,
Puts on new freshness as he goes.

"I leave you to claw these verses as you will. What are the good people of Thirsk doing at this moment? Have any improvements been made in the town? does the market-place remain where it was? are my friends the Wasses the same sort of people they were formerly? does the eccentric circulating library continue to perform its revolutions? Answer me all these questions, and what others I may not have asked concerning the present internal politics of Thirsk town. I can imagine myself sitting at the drawing-room window, with my cousin Harriet at my side, and surveying thence at my leisure the scene below. A man, that was in the humour, and had the proper abilities, might be very poetical on such a subject. But I will be content with desiring my remembrances, in prose, to my uncle, cousins, cousinets, and all sorts of friends.

"And remain, dear Aunt,

"Your faithful Nephew,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. April* 14, 1818.

"DEAR AUNT,

"As I know you will have no objection to hearing from me, though I know not if I have any great news to tell you, I sit down by the light of the candle, to inform you that I am still in existence, and what is more, in College. You might perhaps smile if you saw the medley of works with which I am surrounded: the Annual Anthology, two Sermons, my own Poems, the Christian Observer, Rob Roy, &c., and at a greater distance, Euclid and Plato with their companions. I have lately been elected a Scholar of this college; the exertions, however, required to obtain this title did not cost much. We are, I believe, going to build an Observatory here, and also a Museum, for the reception of Lord Fitzwilliam's bequest of paintings, &c.

"I insert some verses addressed to a Great Coat, on returning it to a young lady from whom it was borrowed. You must know, in order to explain the phenomenon of my being obliged to have recourse to one of the other sex for this convenience, that I was in the habit of never wearing one, thro' a wish of accustoming myself to the weather, and so, the day being bad on which I embarked for Cambridge last, and my familiars being positive that I should wear one, the event above alluded to followed. ——, in the poem, is my travelling companion :—

"Thanks, gentle Coat! whose snug grey fold
Has kept so warm the poet's skin,
And saved from rains and chilling cold
The Muses' fire that burn'd within.

Thanks, Coat! and thou, fair Owner too!
Protectors kind from wind and weather,
I pay in song my debt to you,
And send you down to fame together.

No trivial boon! in summer time
I might have scorn'd thy proffer'd love,
When the green earth was in its prime,
And sunshine laugh'd in heaven above.

But now, when wintry chill prevail'd,
And snow came feathering thro' the air,
Ev'n ——'s puns, perchance, had fail'd
To cheer me, hadst not thou been there.

'Tis thus, in boyhood's lightsome hour,
We smile at love's delicious tie,
And wonder what mysterious power
Grave man can find in woman's eye.

But when the rising passions move,
When sorrow wrings, or cares invade us,
We feel our want of woman's love,
And know for what our nature made us.

"I perceive my little cousin has taken wing, and settled on the banks of the Seine, in the form of an emigrating swallow. Pleasant be her nest, and much good may her trip do her,—yet after all, one cannot but entertain a lurking idea that England is 'more comfortabler' than France; and I dare say my early companion will say on her return, though not in the affecting words of the contemporary poet,

"'I travell'd among unknown men,
In realms beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.'

"Lord B.'s 4th Canto appears near the end of this month. It would be well if he had a little wisdom with his wit; he would not then go on, as he does now, in alliance with his friend Moore, poisoning, as far as the influence of their works extends, the fountains of public morality, and inculcating lawless violence and effeminate indulgence of passion. See what a critic I am! I have written to you a letter of trifles, for which, in duty, I ought perhaps to beg your pardon. Remember me to uncle and cousins, from Charles the great, to Maria the little, whom I want to see, (cannot you pack her up in a hamper, and send her to me?)

"And believe me, dear Aunt,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. May.* [1818?]

"DEAR MOTHER,—

"I received your parcel, and have to express my profound obligations for the various good things contained therein; beginning with the eatables, which reflect credit on the skill of their composer, and concluding with the letters, as the head of the climax. I hope to be able to gratify Maria, in general, with an epistle, when I send a ship with goods to London; and in the mean time desire my acknowledgments to her for her short but pithy letter. Yours was welcome to me, as yours always are. I could have wished to have seen little Mary Wharton once more—and possibly more so, as I thought I saw in her a faint image of one whom I cannot now see. But we must hope she will be happy where she is; and I know that our sorrows are not very lasting in early years. Yet the pang of separation from persons and places with which our affections are entwined, are at that age keen, as I well remember. Peace to her sprightly little spirit—that peace (shall I say?) which earth cannot give.

"Our annual Trinity classes are publicly announced, and my friend Platt is one of seven who compose the first class of his year—indeed, he is among the first of the seven; at least, he, with two others, was announced as certain, while the rest were yet unsettled. Horatio Waddington, (Charlotte's friend, and Pitt scholar) is in the second. Of the freshman's year,

there are, also, seven in the first class (I beg pardon for so many technicalities), and two of them are noblemen, one of whom is second, and barely second, in merit, and keeps all below him at an immeasurable distance. This is considered as a complete phenomenon. By way of further news, a fifth volume (in 4to) of Mitford's History, is published, which appears to be an interesting one. I was amused in recognizing, as I looked over it, the well-known style and opinions, —party politics, and democratical rule, and able men, and the soverein people, and foreiners, and ilands, and Epameinondas, and various other political and orthographical Mitfordisms, scattered in comfortable plenty over these new pages. The reign of Alexander is an important one in history, and yet (to speak the truth) I feel more delight in recollecting the events of the earlier republican age. The causes are obvious enough—whether it is a quite rational feeling I am not certain. The associations connected with this remarkable nation are indeed various. There is a sort of chivalrous interest attaching to the old adventures and fortunes of Troy and Argos; while the recollections of the Persian wars, and in some degree of the contests among the republics, carry with them certain romantic feelings of liberty and patriotism, exaggerated indeed, but not, therefore, unfounded; and the conquests of Alexander excite in us the same sort of interest as those of a Turenne or a Saxe. With all this is mingled the recollection of orators and his-

torians, poets and dramatists, and men of art, and men of science. Other nations, indeed, had their points of eminence; Egypt preceded them in sciences; the Persians professed a more sublime religion; Carthage, perhaps, excelled them in government, certainly in commercial fame, and produced some extraordinary military characters; Rome had its own conquerors, philosophers, poets, and orators; but there appears to be a peculiarity of talent in the Greeks, which invests all that relates to them with a splendid colouring, such as, in its height, we see no where else among the ancient nations. Yet, after all, their history presents to us but an unweeded garden; we are gratified with reading of men who had the power (at least in a great measure) [of atchieving] what they pleased, and we delight in their atchievements; yet we are compelled to acknowledge that they made a bad use of their liberty, and that their exploits were oftener great than solid; violence, ambition, treachery, selfishness, and luxury, accompany and travel along with all the nobler qualities that charm us in the recital. Greece, or rather an imaginary Greece, surrounded by fancy with an atmosphere of supernatural virtues which did not belong to it, has often served as an example and a model: it would be well if the real Greece should serve as a warning. Together with its beneficial effects, the exaggerated admiration of the Greeks has perhaps produced pernicious ones, in more ways than

one, which it might not be difficult to demonstrate. But my dissertation, like all others, must have an end; and it would be an improvement to some, if they were no longer than the present one. As I am, however, on the subject of Greece, I will notice a phenomenon connected with that topic, which I dare say you never heard of, nor even expected to hear of—a Jewish tragedian, who appeared (it is said) 200 years before Christ, named Ezekiel, who wrote Greek dramas on the ancient model, the subject being taken from the Scriptures. Any remaining work of such a writer would be curious. I saw a quotation from him in a Greek father, all of which I recollect is half a line—

" 'Leaving the realm of Canaan.'

" Of my mathematical prospects, &c, in my next. Remember me to Harry (who does not write to me), Watty, and Maria, and Cur, and cousin Mary Anne, and Crimp. I add (by way of makeweight) a few more hasty lines of the apocryphal fragment—

" ——————————on the roof
Of Mattathias lighting, with quick sight
Inward directed (eye of Angel prime
Interposition checks not), he beheld,
As first describ'd, the sons around their sire
Each on his bed compos'd. They, when they rose
From that late mournful converse, with their sire

Joining in prayer, and the due rites perform'd,
Their inward souls by supplication calm'd,
Now in profoundest sleep (sleep comes profound
After sad thought), lay stretch'd: amidst them lay
Their sire; he too asleep, tho' not like them
Calm, but with turbid fancies vex'd, the fruit
Of his day thoughts: of wars and conquer'd fields
His dreams were, and of God's high law restor'd,
And vengeance for his violated fane,
Exacted on the pagan foes, that seem'd
Flying, while their blood with purple dyed the plain.
Him on such thoughts intent, when Michael
Discern'd, with speed intuitive his plan
He form'd, and with exerted pow'r (such pow'r
Hath Heaven to its ministers of good
Committed) chang'd the current of his thoughts,
Into new channels turn'd. Such feelings, then, &c.

"And here let it sleep, at least for the present.

"Remember me to my little acquaintance, and believe me your loving Son,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll., June* 27. [1818?]

"DEAR MOTHER,—

"I have to acknowledge a great delay in acknowledging your kind parcel; and indeed, I should have written a day or two earlier, if I had not lingered

in hopes of hearing of the decision of the Porson prize. As this desirable event, however, has not yet happened, and makes no certain promise of happening within a statutable time, I break through all delays to present you my acknowledgments; I need hardly thank you, but for form's sake, as you are so uniformly attentive to my comfort. News here is somewhat scanty, the youths being in most part dispersed to their several homes, and the election having terminated (I mean that for the town, tho' the others may, perhaps, both be included), which it did in favour of liberty. The Greek Ode prize has gravitated to one of the least (if not the very least) of my competitors last year for the Craven; least, I mean, in stature,—to wit, Hall of King's, and the Latin Ode, if I understood my reporter right, is without an owner this year, none having been esteemed worthy of a prize. The Epigrams have gone to a man of Henry's College, a very unusual thing.—A day or two ago, a stage-coach entered Cambridge, (I believe I am tolerably correct in my facts), surmounted with a band of musicians, gay with garlands; this was followed by a mail-coach, containing one solitary person,—report stated (however originating) that he was a Government spy; and the bridge-porters, alias bargemen, meeting the vehicle about Magdalen bridge, prepared to wreak their vengeance (assisted by the mob) on this enemy of freedom,—when, according to the account, an University gentleman interposed his pro-

tection, and on examination, found that this supposed culprit was no other than Marmaduke Lawson, Esq., Fellow of Magdalen College, late Pitt scholar, Justice of the Peace, in Yorkshire, &c., who having triumphed over the local interest of Boroughbridge, and become member for that place, was now returning to celebrate his triumph in the town of Cambridge. He paraded thro' the principal streets of the place, and then stopped at the gates of Magdalen College, and treated the attendant mob with some College ale, and an oration on rational liberty, which is to be printed. Lawson's appearance is much like that of one of the canaille, so that it would be easy to mistake him for a person of the Oliver breed.

"Perhaps I shall be able to inform you in my next, how the prize is adjudged. Remember me to Smithson and Emily, and W. and Margaret.

"I began this epistle yesterday, but have delayed finishing it till to-day (the 28th), in hopes of having some further tidings with which I might possibly acquaint you; but I hope to send you a more satisfactory letter in a few days, with the Observer and the Quarterly Review; in the mean time pray for me (a request I am very slow of making, even in cases of peculiar exigence); if I can but form my determination in * * which I am now engaged upon, according to my wishes, I shall perhaps (but there are perplexities of more sorts than one) with the assistance of my friends, who have been always ready,

and sincere, in offering me their aid, be enabled to establish myself securely for life; for I am well convinced, from what I know myself, and what those best qualified to judge tell me, that I have it in my power to secure a fellowship here. But these are things I would only speak of to you at present. In the mean time remember me to Mary Ann, the Claras, and all little friends, and to Harriet, and the other young ones, whom I ought to have put at the end of the climax, and tell them that I mean to write to some of them by the next ship; in the mean time believe me, dear Mother,

"Your loving Son,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin Coll., Sept.* 12, 1818.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I will send my verses by the next parcel, if I should have an opportunity of sending one soon, as I dare say I shall; and in the mean-time excuse the delay. I received your comfortable basket last week, and have to express my profound gratitude for its many-coloured contents; the cake I have not yet tasted, but I have no doubt it is good, you see what confidence I place in your taste. I found among other things a paper of kisses (am I not right in my nomenclature?) inscribed with Sarah Scott's name, and displaying on the

outside several repetitions of the sentence, 'Keep no company of which you will be ashamed.' This was a seasonable admonition, for I had just come from the company of two or three college acquaintances, very clever and entertaining men, but not so wise as they ought to be. I have to present my humble thanks to the young fair one for this present, and hope it will prove to be emblematic. Nor ought I to pass over in silence Maria's store of Athenian bull's eyes, which really do much credit to the taste of the good people of Athens, and prove that they are au fait at more things than one.

"The Duke of Sussex has left us, after a visit about as long as yours, and with which he is said to have been equally pleased. He dined in our hall Friday before last; the scene was imposing; seventy other persons, including the bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Clarke, &c., were also invited. My present bedmaker, Mrs. Pinks, (who is a youngish sort of matron) was zealous in pointing him out to me, as he past near my window on one occasion; she informed me, that herself (or her sister) had seen all the princes; asked me whether I did not think him a fine-looking man (implying her own opinion on the subject) with other collateral information. In return for so much gratuitous communication, I thought I could do no less than inform her that I had seen the king; a fact which, embellished with female comments, perhaps served her with the materials of a whole conversation with her fellow gossips—for it would give her an

opportunity of informing them what she said to me " in the first instance—what I replied, &c.

"N.B.—I had not much trouble in procuring the mulberries, so do not let your conscience be uneasy on that subject.

"Mr. orator Hunt, has, it appears, been dramatized on the French theatre. A life of J. Wesley, by Southey, in 2 vols., with portraits of Wesley and Whitfield, is announced for this month; the substance at least of it has appeared before in a periodical work. Southey is in some respects peculiarly qualified for the task—he commands extensive, tho' not always accurate information—and he is interested in whatever subject he handles. That he is capable of appreciating the character of his hero, and of his subject, with perfect accuracy, is to me not so obvious. But he will write with good feeling, and heart-felt respect for religion—and this is a great merit.

"I saw Clare Hall Chapel yesterday, for the first time—am I not a barbarian? It was however a most delightful little place; far superior to ours, though much smaller, and indeed second only to King's. It bore the same relation to the latter which little Wig * bears to an accomplished beauty in the full bloom of perfection—if such a comparison may be made. So you see there are several lions yet remaining for you to visit—including those of my friends, whom I have yet to introduce to your acquaintance.

* To obviate obscurities, Wig designates the sister of the purse-netter.

"I have heard Robert Hall preach three times: in one instance I was not so fortunate as to arrive till after the sermon was begun, when I found the place crowded to excess, so that on entering from the cold air without, it appeared as if one was transported to an hot-house. The service was new to me, but it did not please me like that of our own Church. Mr. Hall's exterior is not thought prepossessing; and his voice and manner, though certainly nothing calculated to offend, did not strike me as imposing. I know not whether his beginning accorded with the expectations we were led to form of him; perhaps an impediment in his speaking may have contributed to the effect. As he proceeded in his subject, he kindled, and opened forth with a magnificence truly astonishing. His discourse of yesterday evening, in its latter part, was one continued torrent of sublime ideas. Nothing superior can ever have been heard at Athens or Rome. It seemed as if the philosopher, the poet, the orator, and the Christian sage, were melted together in one rich and resplendent mass. Had you been present, you would not wonder at my enthusiasm. What stamped the highest value on his discourses, was the rationality which he preserved in the midst of what might almost be called his incursions into the invisible world, and the piety which pervaded all. In listening to such teachers, we are too apt to lose the lesson in the beauty of its

envelope, to be so occupied in admiring the preacher as to forget his counsels. Yet I am not quite without hope that this was not my case.

"In my peregrinations this evening I met my father-in-law; and we had a chatty walk to Trumpington. He told me that after eighty thousand copies of Legh Richmond's tract, the 'Dairyman's Daughter," had been sold, the copyright had been purchased of the author, for £500; and that it had been translated into six different languages. He told me also (what is remarkable) that Mr. Wilberforce once delivered it as his opinion, that since Mr. Pitt, the best extempore speaker living was the dissenting minister, Mr. Jay, whose sermons you have. I saw Matilda the other day, but have nothing to tell of her. If I find the sort of sermon you require, I will send it you.

* * * * * *

"Remember me to Ducky, Watty, Cur, cousin Windsor, Crimp, Wig, and all my little friends. Tell the first-mentioned that she ought not to send verses to her correspondents in which such naughty words occur as in the epigram, which appeared in her last; for which nevertheless I am obliged to her. Poor ——, I doubt, will not have any chance in the approaching examination for fellowships; with which melancholy piece of news I conclude, and subscribe myself, dear Mother,

"Your loving Son,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. Oct.* 9-10, 1818.

"My Dear Aunt,—

"As I happen not to have your letter at hand to refer to, it is possible I may omit some things in my reply, which I ought to have noticed; this, however, you will be kind enough to excuse. I have to acknowledge your congratulations on my late success, which I suppose were among the sincerest I received on the occasion: the success itself was a matter of no great consequence, but it is was quite as much as I deserved, by being too idle to take the pains requisite for obtaining the various University prizes. However, these things are, after all, of little moment in the great concern of life. My mother and the rest of my chickens are tolerably well; Harriet has been indisposed for some time, and is gone into the country for her health. My mother has some thoughts of removing to Twickenham, an exceedingly advantageous establishment having lately become vacant; the subject, however, is of great importance, and requires consideration.

"I send my little cousin Harriet (I do not mean Charles's offspring, but Harriet Wilde) a birth-day gift, in the shape of one of Southey's poetical romances. I would send a copy of verses with it, but that I doubt whether my time would at present allow of such an effort. Tell her that it is a great favorite of mine, and that I therefore expect she will love it too; that she must not be frightened by

seeing that the lines are not all of a size, or by the strange uncouth names of wizards and other odd fowl, which will meet her eye as it wanders over the page; neither must she be offended at finding that the first book has scarcely anything to do with the subject; seeing that it is an agreeable country, however strange, that she will have to travel through, and one in which, though she will meet with some extraordinary monsters, not one of them will have the power to harm her, small as she is; besides that, she will, now and then, be accosted by some very agreeable people, and introduced to a pleasant family circle; without mentioning that there are one or two young ladies, somewhat about her own age, who will do all in their power to contribute to her entertainment. I omit one eccentric female of the piece, who, inverting what we should have conceived the more natural mode of proceeding, wears grey locks over a comely young face and bright blue eyes. Moreover, the company to which she will be introduced is of the sort to which she and I were accustomed in our early days,—Mussulmans, and camels, and Arabian wizards; there are even two sultans, and a dervise; though it must be owned, that the Arabs we here meet with are much more christian-like than those who figure away in the Thousand and One Nights; so that, on the whole, if she can put up with a little jolting in her way, over certain icy rocks, in a supernatural vehicle, and a somewhat

precipitate descent to the Domdaniel caverns in another, she will, on the whole, I dare say, be very well pleased with her pilgrimage to Mecca. The same guide, if she should be so fortunate as to meet with him, will conduct her on a very pleasant tour through Hindostan.

I send you some pieces, occasioned by the death of our late Princess; one of which (R. Hall's Sermon) I have spoken of on a former occasion. Croly's verses, from what I have read of them (I have not perused them regularly), appear to me to be admirable. He is the author of a poem of great genius,—Paris, in 1815. Dr. Chalmers' sermon is not equal to Hall's, though worthy of perusal in all its parts.

"I am afraid I have but little Cambridge news to inform you of, such at least as would interest you. Six new fellows were lately elected at Trinity, one of whom is an elève of Mr. Tate, of Richmond. Our University has lately been visited by several persons of distinction; first came H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; in his train followed Miss O'Neill, who performed at the Barnwell theatre, and was entertained, as the Duke had been, by one of the chief men of Trinity; then followed two Persians of rank, flaming in gold and scarlet, with sugar-loaf caps, who spoke English very well, and who came to observe the arts and institutions of this country, being sent on the mission by his majesty the great king; one of them was an admirer of Milton, and carried away some leaves

from the mulberry tree planted by the poet in Christ's College garden. A bookseller of my acquaintance says that they stepped into his shop, and bought a Cambridge Guide, and Mason on Self-knowledge. They are said to be well acquainted with our literature.

"'Time forcibly reminds me that all things which have an end must be brought to a conclusion.'—(Dr. Johnson, in the Rejected Addresses.) Remember me to my Uncle Charles and his kittens, Mrs. C., Margaret, William, Harriet, (who will excuse the lateness of my birth-day remembrance), my friend William, the ex-geographer, (whom I want to see, as well as my little cousin Maria), &c. &c. &c.

"Give my kind remembrances to all the Wasse's family, and the rest of my acquaintances, Mrs. Kenyon, Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Appleby, &c., &c., down to Sally Simpson, the darning-needle man, the market-place, and the bridge."

"*Trin. Coll. Dec.* 22.

"DEAR MOTHER,—

* * * * * *

"We have had some beautiful days, though the weather, as Harriet complains, has been cold. Walking last night in our cloisters, I saw the moon shining through a mist, while the scene around me was quiet and solitary, and such as would sug-

gest to a person of fancy and reflection thoughts which he would love to cherish. There is a mysterious influence in the beauty of nature, which, in common with many other things, points our thoughts to something higher. We are, indeed, surrounded with a circle of mystery on every side. Our thoughts always find their issue in something inexplicable. This, however, when perceived, as every man who considers will perceive it, is of use, as it teaches us the imperfection of our nature, and disposes us to listen less to the suggestions of our own reason in subjects of which it is not capable of judging.

* * * * * *

"Believe me, your loving Son,

"W. S. WALKER."

In the Letters written at this period of Walker's life, and addressed, it will be observed, exclusively to his near relations, no allusion occurs to a momentous change which was then taking place in his opinions, and the result of which eventually contributed, in no small degree, both to the ruin of his fortunes and the destruction of his happiness. Walker's mind had been, up to this time,—what it indeed continued to the last,—of an essentially religious character. At an early period of his college life he seems to have attached himself in some degree to that section of the Church of England, then repre-

sented in Cambridge by the late Mr. Simeon and his followers, and in some of his letters written about the same time he alludes to a personal acquaintance, if not intimacy, with that excellent person. This phase of his religious character seems however very shortly to have past away, and was succeeded by a painful kind of scepticism with which he continued to struggle during the remainder of his life. That a mind so subtle and speculative as his, should, at some period during the course of its development, have had to pass through a fiery trial of doubt or unbelief, was almost inevitable. Few, probably, of his most intellectual contemporaries at Cambridge,—very few certainly of the academical generation immediately succeeding his—escaped altogether from the same ordeal. But what with others was, for the most part, a transitory, though acute mental disease, became with him, from the peculiar constitution of his mind, chronic and incurable. Like some of the most distinguished heresiarchs of the present day, he combined with a highly sensitive conscience, and with deep and pure religious affections, a morbidly sceptical understanding;* and in the course of years various physical as well as mental causes seem to have arisen, which contributed still further to disturb the balance of

* It is remarkable that at an early period of his life, the celebrated Dr. Spurzheim after an examination of his cerebral development, strongly cautioned him against ever engaging in theological speculations.

his intellect. At this early period, however, there is nothing to indicate in his case any decidedly diseased state of mind. The doubts which he entertained were apparently those of a rational and self-possessed scepticism. Among other expedients for satisfying them, he disclosed his difficulties to the late Mr. Wilberforce, by whose friendship his family had long been honoured. From that gentleman he received in reply the following kind and characteristic letter, which, whether calculated or not by its arguments to afford satisfaction to the questionings likely to have arisen in such a mind as Walker's, will be read with interest and sympathy by those who love and honour the memory of the pious and venerable writer:—

"*Kensington Gore, Dec.* 31*st*, 1817.

"My Dear Sir,

"But for my having been, as indeed I still am, extremely occupied, a letter so interesting as yours should have received an immediate answer. I still give it the priority over much very urgent and important business; but you must allow for a brief and rather hasty letter, tho' the subject of it cannot but have often occupied my most serious deliberations. My having a complaint in my eyes compels my writing to you by another hand. I suspect that the case of the gentleman you speak of, is by no

means an uncommon one. It is well when any one who, like him, is unhappily sceptical, will, like him, make it his serious business to endeavour to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the pretensions of Christianity to be a revelation from God.

"I would advise him carefully to read and weigh Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and also his Horæ Paulinæ. I confess I can scarcely conceive an unprejudiced understanding not convinced of the divine origin of Christianity, after a considerate perusal of those two pieces; but I can well conceive that those risings of the mind which often remain when the understanding is completely satisfied, may even still distress him. The best treatment of *them* I believe to be, to turn the mind to some other object, with an ejaculation to the Father of light, that he would guide us into all truth.

"But strong as is the force of the body of proof contained in Paley, it is by no means all. On this point I would refer you to a chapter in my own work on Christianity, tho' I must honestly confess that I do not recollect its contents with any thing like precision.

"*My* mind is always powerfully impressed with the truth of Christianity, by the circumstances connected with the composition of the various books of Scripture. We see a nation of extreme antiquity, which laid claim to the character of being under the special instruction and government of God. Its

sacred books, besides various positive institutions, which, however strange, must be confessed to be admirably calculated for their avowed purpose, of keeping them a separate nation, unmixed with, and unaffected by, the opinions and practice of the surrounding countries, contain principles of the most elevated piety, and of the purest morality (we must reserve for separate consideration the injunctions and conduct arising from their being the executioners of God's sentence against nations which had filled up the measure of their crimes). Yet this people was devoid of literature, philosophy, and knowledge of every other kind. But it was not merely one particular ancient writer whose compositions were thus excellent. There is a series of such productions, composed thro' a period of about 1,100 years, all of them substantially the same, in their superior piety and morality, while, all along, there was no literature of any other kind. In other countries we see the direct contrast; different nations, as they became civilized and polished, excelling in literature of all kinds, and in all the fine arts, and in some of the sciences, but in all that regarded religion, dark as night, and with a highly imperfect morality.

But the wonder does not end here. In Judea, about 300 years after the sacred books of the Jews had been translated into the language which was most generally that of the learned and polite, throughout the civilized world, (a period, observe,

far too long for the supposition of the translations having been made, to give colour to an intended forgery, but by no means too distant a period for it to be supposed that it was intended by the divine mind to prepare the way for that Gospel which after 300 years was to perform the promises and fulfil the types of the Old Testament),—in the same country of Judea comes forth a personage claiming to appear in fulfilment of the predictions, and substantiating, if I may so term it, the shadows and types of the ancient system; and then appear various other writers bringing forword a system still more excellent than the former, but dovetailed into it, if I may use so homely an expression, and incorporated with it; such changes being made, in particulars, not in the general principles, as should fit it to be diffused throughout the whole earth. Now you will acknowledge that it would be extraordinary, if there had been a single person who, falsely pretending to be the revealer of the Divine will, should at the same time promulgate principles of the purest morality, as well as of the most elevated piety. But that there should be a succession of these through a long course of years, in the same country, and that a country in which there was no other literature of any kind, when at the same time there were no such devotional or moral writings in any other country upon earth,—this you will confess is a most extraordinary circumstance; but when you connect it with

all the other considerations with which it is combined, such as there being no apparent interest to tempt to such a fraud, if fraud it was, and many others which I need not specify to you, you must own that the whole is beyond measure astonishing.

"Another body of proofs is derived from the nature of man (see Pascal's Thoughts), and from Christianity's being the great remedy by which the diseases of his nature are to be cured, and man is to be made a pure and ennobled creature, fitted for a better world of more exalted beings. But people seldom give Christianity fair play,—if such a phrase may be used: they have conceived a prejudice against it, on account of certain tenets which they suppose it to affirm; these they keep in their minds while they are receiving the evidences of Christianity, and putting them, as it were, into one scale, and those evidences, one by one, into the other, they weigh the whole of the former against each individual of the latter, and never take a fair account of the whole sum of the aggregate proofs of Christianity; and then fairly weigh that whole against the objections arising from the obnoxious tenets they so dislike, in order to ascertain which scale preponderates.* A part of the above was dictated too hastily, but I think my meaning will be understood. After all, however, the evidence arising from the

* Thus far the Letter is in the handwriting of an amanuensis—the remainder of the Letter is in the handwriting of Mr. Wilberforce.

diligent perusal of the Scriptures is the most powerful, because it is the effect of a number of little, undesigned particulars, which illustrate, or explain, or confirm the truths of Christianity, and show more clearly its nature and excellence. Now, in the case of an imposture, a more close scrutiny, and a review of it on all sides, always discovers—first causes for suspicion, and by degrees, means of detection. Then impostures rest on some *one* basis; whereas the Christian Scriptures, though not *demonstratively* proved to be the Word of God, by any medium of proof, have on various bases, a strong claim to acceptance, on grounds of probability, miracles, prophecy, Paley's argument from the rapid diffusion of Christianity (see his first Grand Proposition, vol 1st),—the argument briefly stated above,—the argument arising from the Scriptures themselves;—in short, let the gentleman *be in earnest*, and assuredly he will see reason not to withold his assent. But he must be in earnest, or all will be of no avail. Yet I have often thought what a strange thing this world must be on any supposition but that of the truth of Christianity; and I believe were I not a real Christian (in my belief I mean; I wish to deserve the name better in my character), I should probably be an atheist; for the moment we admit the moral government of God, our difficulties commence,—difficulties equally attaching to any system.

"Farewell, my dear Sir, and wishing and praying that God may enlighten and bless you,

"I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"W. WILBERFORCE."

This letter was accompanied by the following, written it will be observed, a fortnight later.

"*London, 15th January,* 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I have been unjust to myself, by appearing unkind and inattentive to you, in a case of great interest and delicacy, in which you did me the favor (for I ought to regard it as a mark of friendly confidence), to apply to me. But the fact is that I paid immediate attention to it, and did as soon as possible dictate (my eyes not allowing me to use my own pen) a pretty long reply, meaning to finish it as soon as possible, but incessant engagements and much business have since consumed my whole time, forcing me to incur a heavy epistolary arrear. My only fault was my not at first taking up my pen to tell you that I would send you down an answer as soon as I could. I have nearly finished it, though I believe I cannot complete it by this day's post, but it will be dispatched, I trust, to-morrow, and you will accept it, I trust, as a proof of my taking a

deep interest in your well-being. As to the question you put to me, I own I think that, though the communication to your mother of the real cause of your not liking to enter into the Church must give her pain, yet that you ought not to withhold it. I have not time or eyesight to give you the premises by which I am led to this conclusion; but of the rectitude of the conclusion itself I am pretty clear. You will observe that I did not discover to my amanuensis that you were the person who entertained the doubts. My dear Sir, be in earnest and be assured all will be well—I cannot doubt it. That this may be the case, and that we may both have reason in another world to rejoice in that blessed revelation which has brought light and salvation to a benighted and lost world, is the cordial wish and prayer of

"My dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"W. WILBERFORCE.

"I am forced to scribble in extreme haste."

It is not known what effect, if any, was produced by this letter. The subject to which it relates is not for a considerable time afterwards alluded to in Walker's correspondence, though at a later period it comes prominently and painfully forward, driving him, in combination with other causes, to the very verge, if not beyond the verge, of insanity itself.

Meanwhile whatever may have been the state of his religious belief, it produced no external change of conduct. He continued to conform to all the stated observances of his college, and his morals remained in all respects as pure and blameless as they had ever been. Never was scepticism more involuntary, less attributable to moral causes than in his case: never by any man would an entire and overwhelming conviction of the truth of Christianity have been more gladly and thankfully welcomed than by him.

In January, 1819, he took his Bachelor's degree, the examination for which, easy as it then was to men of moderate abilities and very limited attainments, was to him the most arduous and eventually the least honourable of his academical trials. Here his admirable scholarship availed him nothing, while his inaptitude for mathematics, or at least his repugnance to them, was so extreme that nothing but a certain amount of arithmetical ability with which he was gifted, could have saved him (as even that barely did) from absolute rejection. A year or two afterwards, however, he amply won back whatever laurels he may be considered to have lost on this occasion. In his competition for the Trinity fellowship, he was matched against the most distinguished scholars of his time, and that time an unusually brilliant one. And here his mathematical deficiencies (though mathematics form a very important part of that ex-

amination) could no more prevent the triumph of his scholarship, than in the Senate House his scholarship could make amends for his mathematical incapacity. Notwithstanding the great superiority even of his weakest opponents in the scientific part of the examination, he succeeded in victoriously carrying the fellowship, and by so doing accomplished the chief immediate object of his friends in sending him to Cambridge.

And now, could Walker have thoroughly understood himself and his position,—could he have correctly appreciated both his gifts and his deficiencies,—could he have followed sagaciously and submissively the providential guidance of what seemed to be his appointed destiny—he had attained to a point from which his future path lay clear and promising before him. The studious and thoughtful retirement of a College life seemed to be his especial vocation. For an active professional career of any kind he was physically and otherwise disqualified. Even to perform the ordinary duties of private tuition he was eminently unfit; for with the faculty of communicating knowledge he was in no degree gifted. A pupil who would seek instruction at his lips must do so by a course of active, persevering, resolute questioning. His intellect, rich as it was in natural and acquired endowments, was a mine which would yield up its treasure only to laborious and skilful working. But could he have been

content to seek for present happiness in the assiduous cultivation and exercise of his great powers,—in the society of thoughtful, contemplative, and learned contemporaries,—in the sympathy of a few friends like-minded, and in some degree like-gifted, with himself,—in such domestic and social intercourse as might be compatible with a life of studious celibacy,—above all, in the testimony of a good conscience that he was doing the work which had been given him to do,—he might perhaps have lived happily to a good old age; might have contributed largely and brilliantly to the adornment and enrichment of our native literature, and to the advancement of human knowledge; might, both as a scholar and as a poet, have left a great and enduring name behind him. But this was not to be. If it was in Walker's nature to devote himself to the steady and continuous prosecution of any branch of study,—to persevering and laborious exertion in any sphere of intellectual activity,—most assuredly it was not in his nature to do so under the conditions of permanent Academical preferment. Incapable as he was of forming or of executing any distinct and judicious plans for supporting himself in any other state of life, he was still more incapable of confining his wishes within the limits of a College. The thought of life-long celibacy was to him as intolerable as, from his personal peculiarities and other considerations, the thing itself appeared inevitable. For female sympathy—

for female attachment—for the married life in all its fulness—his yearnings were intense and soul-consuming. From the constitution of his mind indeed it was scarcely possible that this should have been otherwise. Of female excellence his appreciation was most profound and reverential. The tenderness and purity of his affections,—the richness of his imagination,—the delicacy and exquisiteness of his taste,—the instinctive subtlety and truth of his moral sense,—all combined to elevate Woman in his eyes to a rank which she can fully occupy only in minds as nobly constituted as his was. Yet few men were ever less qualified by nature to win the love of woman. His diminutive stature,—his very perceptible defects of vision;—his awkward gait,—his uncouth address,—his eccentric manners, conveying, to those who knew him not, the impression of insanity or idiocy,—his slovenly dress,—his neglected person,—presented to the female eye a *tout ensemble*, to overcome the effect of which, required an appreciation of moral and intellectual excellence rarely found, except in the highest order of female minds. And Walker's intellectual gifts were not such as to commend themselves easily to female perceptions. Conversation he had absolutely none. The slow, diffident, inconclusive working of his mind,—the difficulty (arising perhaps from fastidiousness) with which his thoughts clothed themselves in articulate language,—the embarrassed, uncomfortable

gestures by which he relieved and expressed his hesitation, disqualified him in a lamentable degree for making himself acceptable in female society, and still more for offering such attentions as those by which the female heart is usually won. That he was in reality endued with many of those qualities which, could he ever have succeeded in winning the affections of an amiable woman, and have attained to the means of supporting her as his wife, would have conduced to the happiness of wedlock, may well be believed. But unhappily the fulfilment of either of these conditions seemed to be in his case impracticable; and though it was long before his mind realized the fact,—though it may be doubted whether, at any period of his life, he became fully sensible of his disqualifications to enact successfully the part of a lover, and to win the desired name of husband,—still a vague sense of hopelessness to obtain the first wish of his soul,—a bitter consciousness of the incompatibility of his most cherished day-dreams with what seemed to be his allotted path in life, sufficed to paralyse his intellectual energies, and to unnerve him for resolute and practical exertion towards the attainment of any definite end. To some such cause at least it seems reasonable to attribute the utter aimlessness and waste of his early manhood. From the day on which he took his bachelor's degree, or at least from that on which he was elected a fellow of Trinity, he appears to have had

no distinct object or occupation in life. Incapable of choosing a profession, or of engaging in any regular and systematic course of study, he frittered away and exhausted his noble powers, for years together, in employments altogether unworthy of them; —in minute verbal criticism for obscure periodicals; —in occasional essays, for the most part on trifling subjects;—in burlesque imitations of and parodies upon Greek, Latin, and English authors. It seemed as if he were seeking, in petty and trivial intellectual occupations, diversion and relief from the deep heart-searchings and mental disquietudes to which he was in secret becoming daily more and more a prey.

There was, indeed, another consideration which must have had no small influence in withholding Walker from embarking in any great literary or scholastic enterprise, and in keeping him perpetually engaged on petty and trivial employments.* This was his incessant pecuniary embarrassment; a circumstance which has never been fully explained. To a man of his simple tastes and few wants, it might be thought that the revenues of a Trinity fellowship, combined with the unlimited facilities for study afforded by the University and College libraries, would have been a sufficient provision. That

* "He will live all his life a Bookseller's drudge, and at last be run over and killed by a hackney coach, while passing from one shop to another." Such is said to have been the prophecy of a distinguished Scholar and Church dignitary, at that time a Tutor of Trinity. Alas! the event was sadder even than the prediction.

he was frequently pressed by family claims there can be no doubt; but it does not appear that the sums which these annually drew from him bore any proportion to the income which he derived from his fellowship, combined with the earnings of his pen. Yet, when, at the end of eight or nine years, he resigned his fellowship, he was found to be deeply and hopelessly in debt. That his utter want of business-like habits, and his ignorance of the value of money, exposed him to the grossest impositions, is indisputable. Yet, even so, it is difficult to account for the extent of his embarrassments. One cause, indeed, of lavish and useless expenditure seems discernible. There is some reason to believe that on more than one occasion he became the dupe, to a considerable extent, of artful female swindlers, both in London and Cambridge, who took advantage of his simplicity of character, and his unhesitating confidence in the virtues of their sex, to extract from him, either by well-got up stories of distress, or by professions of attachment to his person, sums of money, to obtain which he toiled assiduously, and the bestowal of which left him impoverished and in difficulties. That any such transactions cast the slightest shade of suspicion on his moral purity no one who knew him can for a moment suppose. The facts are here adverted to, partly to account for his otherwise inexplicable embarrassments, and partly to illustrate the child-like simplicity of character which he retained even to the end.

But while his best days were wearing out among comparatively trifling and worthless employments, one literary task, not altogether unworthy of his genius, was allotted to him. Milton's treatise, "De Cultu Dei," having been discovered in the year 1824, was committed for translation, by King George the Fourth, to the hands of the present Bishop of Winchester, at that time King's Librarian at Windsor. The work being printed at the University press, Walker was selected as resident on the spot, and eminently qualified for the office, to revise and correct the proof sheets. In the performance of this task he considerably overstepped the limits of his commission, reviewing not only the printer's but the translator's labour, and leaving upon the work the indelible impress of his own masterly scholarship and profound appreciation of the author's genius.

Two or three years later he edited, for Mr. Charles Knight, a Corpus Poetarum Latinorum; the only other extensive publication in which he is known to have been engaged.

In 1824, on the resignation of the Greek professorship, by the present Bishop of Gloucester, Walker became (but unsuccessfully) a candidate for the vacant office. Some allusions to the competition on this occasion occur in the second of the following letters, written during the period in which he continued to hold his Fellowship of Trinity :—

"*Trin. Coll. Oct.* 18, 1824.

"My Dear Mother,—

* * * * *

"My mind is of a generalizing turn, and every event that enters it, if at all of a serious and affecting nature, awakens some reflection, and deepens my belief in some truth which tends to reconcile what are otherwise its difficulties. When I hear of the regrets of friends for the loss of friends,—regrets which nothing earthly has power to remove, and which religion itself, while on earth, cannot wholly extinguish,—the idea of a future re-union irresistibly occurs to me. Can a feeling, essentially permanent and inextinguishable, be made in vain? Yet such a feeling this appears to be. It would be irrational to expect that the toys of our childhood, or the amusements of our maturer age, should be restored to us in another state of existence; because our attachment to these, ardent as it might be for the time, is passed away, and has left no root in the heart. But is it so with esteem founded on affection? Surely not; and we cannot, therefore, argue from the analogy. It is not enough to say—This is an earthly feeling, all things earthly are transitory, and therefore this must pass away with other predilections: earthly indeed it is, but not *merely* earthly, any more than man himself is merely

earthly; all of it that depends on mere physical temperament must pass away with the body, but what belongs to reason and the soul shall not perish with it. Mere companionship must drop away, as a branch which withers without a root; friendship shall be purified, and last for ever. Such are my speculations; if I could give something more, it would be better; but these are better than nothing. It appears to me that those who trust in the Scriptures are, nevertheless (in many cases), suffering under anxiety as to their future re-union with their departed friends, when the obvious inference to be drawn from various passages of the Bible would remove their doubt. If it were otherwise, could the apostle express his joy in the expectation of appearing at the judgment seat of Christ with those whom he is addressing, as joint heirs of salvation? Could they be no longer known to him? I have filled my letter with reflections, but I am sure that to you they will be welcome.

"W. S. W."

"My Dear Mother,—

"Another chapter from your talkative correspondent. I have at last got over the awful trial, at the expense of a great many palpitations of the heart, and of a somewhat ridiculous exhibition of myself, owing to lack of matter and of confidence.

My forerunner was very long, but I was too much occupied with my own matters to pay much attention to him. Mr. Wilde, who is with me (I gave him your message concerning his blossom), tells me that I spoke louder than he had expected. Nathless, I cannot get over the comic figure I must have cut with my curtailed essay. It was like a man coming into company with his coat flaps cut off; or like an epigram blunted of its point; or like anything else unmeaning and grotesque. Our fate is settled about ten o'clock to-morrow. If I succeed, I will let you know with all possible expedition. I forgot to say that Waddington and Hare declaimed yesterday, Of Waddington's I only heard the few concluding words, but I understand that it was exceedingly good. But of Hare's I did hear the whole; at least with the exception of a few words which unavoidably escaped me, and which I regarded as so much loss. It was of an extraordinary length—an hour and forty minutes,—and my attention was alive and unslackened the whole time. It was indeed a splendid composition; full of research, philosophy, poetic feeling, and virtuous animation,—to say nothing of some efficient strokes of satire. You may smile at my warmth; and perhaps it has led me, as it is apt to do, to a little exaggeration; but I express no more than the feeling which it left on my mind. The Professor is sworn in to-morrow, at twelve in the morning, and I imagine there is no

after ceremony. If I should succeed, and nothing prevents, I will be with you quickly. But I hardly know what will happen. Mr. Wilde is by me, writing to his primrose. He has spent the greater part of the day with me. The house of Wait are all well. I doubt whether the curtailment of my lecture will really do me much mischief; at least I know that one, if not two, of the examiners is aware that it was not owing to my perverse intention. But nobody can tell how the votes will be balanced. Perhaps Hare has the best expectations. Give my kind love to Chatterbox, and thank her for her so special interest in her brother's promotion. Love to my grave sister also, and the graceful quietness of Tilly, and merry Clara, and—I fear Miss Rose will only receive my respects, which I beg leave to tender to her with my profoundest devotion. To all others divide that which is their due. Thorp has been here, and enquires after you. I do not think I have anything more to say; indeed, I doubt not you will hear a great deal from Mr. Wilde, through his young hope. He is very well, and will stay some time, as is probable. And now, having coaxed my words to an accommodation with my limits, I must part with you till to-morrow, and am, with the usual night's kiss,

"Yours affectionately,

"W. S. WALKER.

"*Thursday.*"

TO THE REV. DERWENT COLERIDGE.

"*Trin. Coll. March* 26, 1825.

"MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—

"Of a truth, I have not Townsend. He was borrowed for the purpose of being printed from, I having written a review of him for Valpy's Museum; the editor of the said Museum died, and Townsend was not to be found among his papers. I grieve; but what will grief avail? To prove, however, that I was not wholly careless in this matter, I still possess, wrapt up canonically in whitey-brown paper, a single loose leaf of the book, which I detached from it previous to exportation, fearing lest it might be lost.

"I have complied with your invitation to write, from the thirst I feel for communication with a kindred mind. I never felt myself so utterly alone in the world as now. I have no friends here; nothing but acquaintances. Ill health, of late, has aggravated the evil, making loneliness more lonely. I now feel my improvidence in not having laid up for myself friends against the day of need. I have reached that time of life when the want is no longer a light one; and it is painful to look forward to an unsocial manhood and a dreary old age. But it is not friendship alone; knowledge, love, glory, the power and the habit of doing good,—I have none of these things, for I have not laboured to acquire them. And how shall I now, enfeebled as I am in all re-

spects, repair the omission of thirty years? I know that all my evils are of my own begetting; but this does not make them the less evils. And death, how cheerless and dreadful a thing it appears! The worst symptom of all is a deadly indifference to every thing excellent or noble, a drowsy acquiescence in my degraded state, which I feel growing on me. My intellect and my affections seem gasping for breath.

"Enough of the old subjects: I talk of these things to you, because I have no one else to whom to talk of them. My employments are, as before, multifarious, but none of them very intellectual. Stay—here is some verse about a year old:—

I.

" Beneath thy magic note
My heart is as a slave,
And sinks and rises, like the boat
Upon the heaving wave.

II.

" Through all the soul it flies
Like a pervading wind,
And searches out the sweetnesses
Of the mysterious mind.

III.

" The song has power to stay
The flood of rolling years,
And sorrow's mists are roll'd away,
And beauty reappears.

IV.

"Alas! that hollow art
Such raptures should bestow!
Alas! that sounds so full of heart
From heartless lips should flow!

V.

"The thrush is glad within,
When he sings his song of pleasure;
The cushat-dove is full of love,
When he pours his wooing measure:

VI.

"But thou art cold and base,
Thy heart is light and vain:
I may not look upon thy face,
While I listen to thy strain!

"Of these, the three first are made-up; the fourth well expressed; the fifth good in the conception, but namby-pamby in the expression; the last good altogether. Your verses, I think, are below your level, with the exception of the sonnet, which, however, seems broken. But it is not for *me* to find fault with you for not sufficiently cultivating your powers; even supposing that circumstances allowed you to do so. Moultrie is coming here on Monday, to be ordained, having been presented by his patron with the living of Rugby, as you may have heard. Malden was married a week ago. So farewell; would that you were here, with your looks, and

your life-breathing discourse, and your conceptions fresh as the mountain breeze! but fate wills otherwise.

"Yours faithfully,

"W. S. WALKER."

TO THE SAME.

"*Trin. Coll. April* 29, 1825.

"MY DEAR DERWENT,—

"I write, not because I have anything to say which can give you much pleasure, or indeed anything new to communicate; but to acknowledge your kind letter. I can do little but weary you with monotonous complaints. My state of mind, and my life, continue the same as before. I feel myself going to wrack, and there is none to help me. I do not despair, simply because hope is indestructible; but I fear I have little reason for hoping.

"You must be content with a letter written by snatches, amidst a variety of engagements; an incongruous and purposeless epistle, redolent of its author's situation.

"I send you a sonnet, being the only verse I have written since the extinction of the old magazine, save an unfinished piece, the probable nature of which you may divine from the first stanza—

"O come to me, my spirit-love!
'Tis dark within, around, above;
My soul is sick with doubt and fear;
My spirit-love, oh haste thee here!

But the sonnet is a curiosity, in itself and for its occasion. Kenelm Digby, of whom you inquire in a letter to Malden, is become as good as Catholic, "quod non est ut mireris;" indeed it seems likely that he will become one altogether. Whereon I wrote as follows:—

"CONGRATULATORY SONNET TO THE LADY OF BABYLON.

"Insatiate power! could not one prey suffice?
Was't not enough that thou hadst quench'd in night,
With thy cold mists, Love's young and joyous light,
But thou must tangle in thy chains and lies
This nobler soul, for thee too rich a prize;
High-minded, gentle-hearted; innocent
As childhood, yet on manliest thoughts intent;
Lover of truth, by specious sanctities,
And fond belief in others' worth, betray'd
To error? But reproaches move not thee,
Still moving on, with calm and steady pace,
To thy wish'd spoil, man's faith and liberty:
In vain! if truth's old prowess be not dead,
And the omnipotence of good intent.

"This sounds very fine; the worst of it is, that nine tenths of this virtuous indignation is make-believe. The sonnet is somedele dry of poetry; but I send it you, as my only product. Sigh for me! I have engaged to review Milton De Cultu Dei, for

Knight, and I have now only a fortnight to review it in; and such a subject! By the way, I have been led to read a great deal of him lately. What a grand specimen he was of our kind! how emphatically a *man!* and the blundering animals his editors, biographers, &c. how they have falsified him to the world, from elephant Johnson down to pack-horse Todd! But away with them. He almost rekindles the natural fire of youth and aspiration within me, while reading his early prose works,—for ashamed as I am to confess it, even from such a subject my thoughts will return to myself.

"Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn
The pulses of my being beat anew—
—Fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye of Hope,
And Hope that scarce could know itself from fear:
Sense of past youth, and manhood come in view,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain!

"(Would I could get rid of this egomania!) However, if I cannot imitate Milton, I may at least give him my hearty tribute of praise. Did I ever send you a striking sentence from his Preface to the De Cultu Dei? He is giving the reasons which led him to choose such a subject. (My devil has this moment brought me, long hoped-for sight! the last sheet of Lib. I. This is a digression.) 'Equidem si dicerem, propterea quod nihil æque ac religio

Christiana duas teterrimas pestes, servitutem ac metum, ex vita ac mente hominum ejiciat atque expellat, me idcirco studiosum hujus potissimum doctrinæ esse factum," &c. And so, farewell; I ought to have said that your criticisms on my verses are very good, and I think altogether just."

To the Rev. J. Moultrie.

"Διογενὲς Μουλτρηϊάδη, πολὺ φίλταθ' ἑταίρων,
πολλὰς σοὶ χάριτας δίδομεν, πολλοὺς δὲ καὶ αἴνους,
εἵματος εἵνεκα σεῖο, ὃ δὴ περιεσμένος ἦμην
ἔσθων ἐν μεγάροισι, παρ' ἀνδράσιν οἰνοποτῆσιν.
νῦν δ' (ἐμὲ γὰρ κέλει αἶσα πόλιν πρὸς Παρθενιῆφιν
ἐλθεῖν, σοὶ δὲ τέλος σπεύδει θαλεροῖο γάμοιο)
μή μ' ἀπὸ θυμοῦ πάχγυ βαλεῖν, ἀπεόντα περ ἔμπης·
ἄνδρας γὰρ ἑτάρων ἐπιληθανει, οἳ πάρος ἦσαν,
κουριδίη ἄλοχος.

"In short, I am going back to Maidenhead to-morrow morning, to correct proofs, and quarrel with myself and the universe as usual. I cannot find in my heart to wish you joy on your marriage; however, as joy will probably come whether I wish it or no, there can be no great harm in my contenting myself with best compliments to Miss F. and Miss Cecilia, and your brother, and the other members of the much-respected house of Moultrie, to whom I

am happy enough to be known. Which done, I remain, yours truly, as far as Timon can be anybody's,

"W. S. WALKER.

"*July* 25," [1825].

"*Trin. Coll. May* 15, 1827.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"I have been so busy all day with the Latin poets, that I have very little time left to employ in your service. But no matter; the budget of small talk happens to be unusually full, so that there is no need to call on the great spider in the brain to weave me a web of original flimsiness for the occasion. Shall I begin, as folk do in a morning call, with the weather? I fear I have nothing to tell you on that head, of which you are not already apprized from the fountain head. We have had the same varieties here as you at Hampstead; to me they are all pleasant, so long as I can drink the free air immediately from the great blue cup above us, and not at second-hand, filtered through windows, however beautiful; and mine are certainly very handsome. Last Friday was an eventful day, or rather evening; for on that eve I took leave of Fanny Edwards (who left Cambridge the next day),—welcomed Eliza Harvey on her arrival,—and congratulated Mrs. Wait on her twenty-seventh birth-day. Catharine has lost

her beauty for the present, but her eyes cannot help being expressive, and her little mind seems to be as active as they. You have heard the result of the election. Sir N. Tindal entered our hall immediately from the senate-house, and the whole company rose simultaneously, with loud and long-continued applauses. We had, indeed, some reason to be; * for our representative, besides his great talents and unspotted public character, was a fellow, and a very distinguished member, of our own College. He seemed greatly fatigued with the labours of the contest, and did not stay in the combination-room above an hour. We drank his health, and innumerable other 'neat and appropriate' toasts, as the newspapers say. Greenwood speechified briefly and drily, and Romilly pleasantly, and Sedgwick inimitably, and others otherly; various were the humours, and infinite the mirth and uproar. I left the last determined sitters, with Fisher at their head, and on returning to my rooms, heard the awful sound of eleven. George Townsend (now Prebendary of Durham) is still here, having been detained by an indisposition, which, however, he has now pretty well got over. He seems to be my sincere well-wisher. He, as well as various others, makes enquiries after you and the other us's. Two or three days ago, as a few of us were sitting in the combination room, the Bishop of Norwich was introduced; he had

* A word is here inadvertently omitted in the MS.

come, in company with George Brown, to see our pictures, and with him was his pretty grand-daughter, Miss De Crespigny. They did not, however, remain above a minute. I own, ungallant as it is, I could have wished the young lady away, as in that case, we should probably have seen a little more of the good old Bishop. Drinkwater has been here, and Hastings (but him I did not see), and Price, and Lettsom; of the last I saw a great deal.

* * * * * *

"The College clock is undergoing a repair; they have put him quite out of countenance for the present, but it is expected that in a short time he will put a better face on affairs than he has done for many years past. Mr. Bowring has sent me his translations of Servian poetry, which you shall see in due time. I had formerly sent him, by Southerne's request, two translations from a Latin poet of Poland, as a contribution to a yet unfinished volume of Polish selections; and to this I owe the present courtesy. Lastly, the chesnut walk is in full glory, though the avenue is not, for want of more leaves. And now, having emptied my portmanteau of minutiæ, I beg leave to conclude with a general love (like the lump of sugar at the bottom of the letter-cup), and am, dear Mother, yours ever affectionately, though in haste,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. June* 20, 1827.

"My Dear Mother,—

"You will be happy to know, that I am now standing at my tall desk, in my sequestered apartment, with the evening chimes of St. Mary's sounding in my ears. (I must not omit to state, that just as I had settled the important question whether the above sentence should conclude with the word 'ears,' or if not, which of two *tags* that offered themselves to my mind I should select, my bedmaker entered, as is her wont at stated hours, and presented me with a handsome nosegay of red and white roses; which, as being a spontaneous parenthesis of her own, and not in the original bond, I could not do less than requite with my best refined acknowledgments.) To return to the thread of my history; I performed a very comfortable journey to Cambridge, in company with a young and (to my thinking) rather pretty damsel, with whom, nevertheless, I scarcely exchanged a word all the way.* I only hope,

From the following verses, extracted from Knight's Quarterly Magazine, for 1824, it would seem that Walker did not always so neglect similar opportunities:—

LINES ON MEETING MISS ELIZA RIVERS IN A COACH.

Nympha, decus fluviorum, animo gratissima nostro.—Virg.

My heart it was sad, and my brain it was dry,
When I met that dear maid in the Cambridgeshire Fly;
And a soul-sinking chill of despondence came o'er me,
As I gazed on the long weary desert before me.

that when she relates to her aunt Smith and her country cousins what a stupid coach-fellow it was her lot to travel with, she will be charitable enough to attribute my dulness to its real cause—my unconquerable bashfulness. It would have done Epictetus's heart good to have seen us two. Meanwhile the Comet (so named from the composedness and regularity of its movements) sped jumbling on its way—a verb of my own making, by the way, and first

But her life-breathing smile and her young joyous eye
Came to me, like hope newly-lighted from on high;
I drank in her accents—and sorrow and care
Dispers'd, like the mists in the bright summer air.

We talk'd and we travell'd—six hours by the chime,
We travell'd and talk'd, but we knew not the time;
For our thoughts were in tune with the gay sunny weather,
And the wheels and the argument jogg'd on together.

We talk'd and we travell'd—our talk to rehearse
(The damsel's at least) it would puzzle my verse;
For the heart and the soul would be wanting, that shed
A light, like spring sunshine, on all that she said!

Farewell, merry maiden! but often, I ween,
In the short leisure moments of life's busy scene,
When the thoughts are at doze between sleeping and waking,
And the heart plays with fantasies of its own making;

To my world-weary spirit the thought of those hours
Shall rise, like the fragrance of far-distant flowers;
And I'll think of the smile, and the voice, and the eye,
Of her whom I met in the Cambridgeshire Fly.

used in the sonnet to Clara Quantrille (see Etonian)* —the terrestrial Comet, as above said, wheeled onward, and landed the philosophic pair at their destination about one o'clock. I wended without delay to my cloistered abode, and, being sleepy, committed myself to my pillow, and enjoyed a sound repose—so sound, that I did not even dream of Emily Lunn. Not that I have forgotten her; were it possible otherwise that I should have done so, my dinner of to-day would have recalled her to mind, being the self-same of which she and I (or rather I alone) partook, tête-a-tête, on that memorable day of last summer, at Islington; to wit, roast lamb and pancakes.

"It is according to the natural order of things that man, when he travels, should leave some one or more of his packages behind him; so much so, that

* The following is the Sonnet referred to:—

LADY! no marvel that the kinsman young
Of the grand master of the mystery
Of metaphysics, fell in love with thee;
Nor yet that, while the stage, jumbling along,
Soothed him to slumber with its one dull song,
As toward the Land of lakes and poesy
The wayward youth rode nightly journeying,—he
O'er thy imagined form in visions hung.
For thou hast charms to warm a colder breast
Than that of youthful poet; locks like night;
Cheeks of rich bloom, where Love hath built his nest;
Looks like young Juno's; eyes from whose full glance
The gazer shrinks abash'd, as in the fight
The polish'd shield returns the warrior's lance.

when I look over my baggage at the end of a journey, and find all right, it strikes me as something unnatural, and a disagreeable infringement of the ordinary laws of humanity. Accordingly, on my arrival here, I found that I had left my spruce new hat behind me; this fault of omission was, however, balanced by one of excess on the other side; seeing that I carried with me a neckcloth and a waistcoat which were not my own. These latter, when washed, I purpose to return.

"W. S. W."

"*Trin. Coll., July* 27, 1827.

"My Dear Mother,—

"My principal purpose in writing, is to obviate any vague apprehensions which may have seized you, as to my being the worse for last week's sun or yesterday's shower—or running melancholy mad for love of Emma Malden and her spectacles—or being metamorphosed into a Dutchman by mere dint of living among dry commentators—or haply arrested as an accomplice in the late Cambridgeshire murder. To prevent the formation of any such groundless theories, I take up my faithful grey-goose, for as to positive news, there are really none

at all. The world rolls on provokingly in its wonted course; the Latin poets come and go, the life of Cyrillus proceeds at a tortoise pace (like Praed's love-sorrows, 'I think it never will be over') the sky is as round as usual, the Cam as dusky, breakfast and dinner revolve in their wonted chronological order, and Field still lingers over the unfinished life of Napoleon.

* * * * * *

"I wish I could form any reasonable conjecture as to when I shall be able to emerge from hence. Besides the journey to London, there are fifty great undertakings which I would willingly execute this summer; but I see little present chance of compassing even the first-mentioned and most important object. Not that I suppose even Emmeline Fearnley will forget me; but one ought to see one's wife and children once a year at least. And now your toils are begun, too—at least, I suppose the mischiefs are by this time returned. While I sit here excogitating my letter, with my blackbird (humming-bird I should say) singing its monotonous song on the hob, and the cloudy evening sun casting his pale light on the wainscot, you are lost in a whirl of wearisome employments, with scarce a moment to bestow on your flowers and your hens. But I will not dwell on this, for it is to no purpose. The Waits are, I believe,

either returned or about to return. I am going to introduce a friend of mine at Chesterton, in hopes that he may be of some use in recommending their currants and gooseberries to his friends. And now, my mother, remember me to brothers, sisters, and so forth, and believe me, however brief,

"Yours affectionately,

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. May 5*, 1828.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"You make yourself merry with my excuse; nevertheless, a sound chesnut it is, although mayhap a horse-chesnut; for it often happens that what we have not enterprize enough to undertake alone, the presence of an agreeable companion may encourage us to attempt. Yet an ingenious historian might argue, with great plausibility, that your supposition was correct; he might allege my well-known dilatory habits on these occasions, and quote contemporary authorities, *e. g.*, my sister's satirical remarks on the subject, as Mr. Mitford quotes the Greek comedians; winding up his dissertation with the strong and well-authenticated fact, that, after all, though Peregrine Courtenay went to town a few days after, Sir Reginald D'Arennes went not with him. This latter circumstance may seem difficult to account for; the truth is, that, having parted with

Praed at the doors of the Hoop, where the Glee Club were about to celebrate a solemn meeting—having left him, I say, with the understanding that we were to meet at the Times coach-office at six the next morning, I was subsequently assailed by a pain in the stomach, no very serious matter, but sufficient to dissuade me from my primal intention. Perhaps I was in the wrong; but I took the safer side. However, I suppose I shall at length muster courage to set off by myself.

"Concerning the breakfast—as it fell, you lost nothing, for the fascinations of Emmanuel close were unable to come, so that Praed and I, like the beggar and Jack Ketch in Mr. Hood's Last Man, had it all to ourselves, much to the admiration of the little personage on the mantle-piece, who looked as if she would fain have exchanged her two cherries for some of the good things on the table. They too (not the good things, but Mrs. and Miss Taylor) are gone. With regard to Mr. Elliott and his happiness, I assure you I did my best to amuse and edify them, as they will certify. Remember me to them, if you see them. I am greatly rejoiced in prospect of my unclehood—but there is a proverb about chickens; what if my niece should turn out no better than a nephew? N'importe; Watty and wife will be the better pleased, I dare say: so my kind love to them. I have heard from Moultrie, and from Derwent Coleridge; the former went to Plymouth in December

to marry the latter—wife the sweetest and most beautiful of creatures—young couple in Paradise, &c. They both invite me to come and see them—and Praed talked of taking me to Devonshire in the summer. Our avenue has at length put on its spring beauty, and appears like a magnificent green aisle: nothing is wanting, but yourself and Emmeline Fearnley in the centre. Come you must—do not doubt of it—and the sooner the better. You have all the old sights to see, and I cannot tell how many new ones, from the screen of King's to the beautiful collection of stuffed English birds, which the Philosophical Society have lately purchased for your especial gratification, knowing your tender regard for all winged things. And now remember me to sisters, cousins, friends, &c., not forgetting the house of Flirt; and believe me

"Yours ever affectionately,

"W. S. WALKER.

"*Trin. Coll. Aug.* 20, 1828.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

It is not my interest to be neglectful of you, either as regards the quantity or the frequency of my communications; for in truth you are now my only correspondent, excepting an occasional visit from some lingering swallow or other, some yellow leaf yet trembling on the epistolary tree. I thank

you for your last chapter, which looks as if it were written in rather better spirits. Concerning jealousy, he is a sad green-eyed devourer, and if through carelessness one should happen to have left the door ajar, forgetting that there are strange cats about, all that one can do is to avoid patting the intruder, or giving him milk; he will soon depart when he finds there is no food to be had.

* * * * * *

In the afternoon I visited Chesterton: they send their kind remembrances. I fear the late rains have been unpropitious to them. Add to the above incidents, that the college clock has stopped—no great harm, since there are so few events to be dated by it. If this state of things continues much longer, I have serious thoughts of setting the college on fire. Lastly, I saw my little niece in a dream some two or three nights ago; but she was not half so pretty as I expect to find her, when I pay my respects to her in her smart cap and many-tucked frock, such as befits a niece of mine. Talking of dreams—when I was young, it was frequent with me to dream of being transported to some high mountain, from whence I surveyed an immensity of sunshiny fields stretching beneath me; such visions never haunt me now, or I might realize the picture you give me of Hampstead Heath and Co. But in truth mine eye longs for

some country which is neither Hampstead nor Cambridge; and as confinement to one diet for some years has made it rather importunate, I must try to gratify it. If you have time to write to Mrs. Johnson, I do think it will be a great comfort to her. And now, good bye. I cannot yet tell when I shall come, but I suppose next week. Good night.

"W. S. W."

"*Trin. Coll., Feb.* 13, 1829.

"My Dear Mother,—

"I thank you kindly for the parcel, and for the letter also, though the latter could not help being a melancholy one. Its companion I will faithfully forward to the ingenious professor, who I doubt not will entertain it with all the courtesy and goodwill which is his characteristic.

"I need scarcely say, that your letter affected me very much, especially as I cannot doubt that your indisposition is occasioned in a great degree by anxiety on my account. I cannot, nor ought I to expect to obviate the whole of this anxiety; much must be trusted to Providence; but I wish I knew how to relieve you from part of it, at least, by impressing upon your mind the state of my own hopes, and my own resolutions. I cannot wonder that you should be inclined to despair of my future exertions; appearances have certainly been against me;

yet it is no less certain that I have taken a good deal of pains with myself, to keep my mind firm and prepared against contingencies. It has cost me some trouble, I assure you, to preserve the thread of right intention amidst many discouraging circumstances; but if I can go through with my purpose, I cannot think it will be finally the worse for me. I am far from inactive at present; my employments occupy seven or eight hours each day; and it is something to be employed, and that respectably; for I really think I am of some use to my pupil; and if what I write for booksellers should be but little read, I dare say it will not do much harm. But if health and opportunity are vouchsafed to me, I would willingly attempt something more. My confidence in myself is not excessive, for experience has taught me to moderate it; but some confidence I have; and I hope that the powers which have ere now enabled me to accomplish many long and laborious undertakings, and which are certainly not extinguished, may yet accomplish something for my own support, and for the good of others. And now I will leave this subject, in the assurance that you will place as much reliance on my good purposes as you reasonably can; and I ought not to ask more. Indeed, I feel the weakness of my own heart, and speak with diffidence, but not despondingly, as I might once have spoken.

"I took leave of Praed, on Wednesday, at the door of the Paddington stage. This is an enigma; but it is soon solved. A party of Cambridge men came down in all haste from town to vote against the Anti-Catholic petition, and were lucky enough to secure a couple of supernumerary vehicles of that description; the whole affair deserves to be told by Praed or Malden. As it happened, their aid was superfluous, for the majority was eight, and only seven of the Paddington corps belonged to the upper house, whose negative precluded the necessity of any further proceedings. We fellows of Trinity were all on one side, except the honest old vice-master, who glories in his descent from a French refugee family. I saw also Maude, Drinkwater, and others; the second especially made friendly enquiries after you and Co. Lastly, Mrs. Malden, scolds me for not calling on them oftener. Kind love to all, and good night, from

"Your affectionate

"W. S. WALKER."

"*Trin. Coll. Thursday, March.*

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"I should have sent off my parcel last night, had it not been for my own bad arrangement of time, by which I found myself so fast jammed in between eight o'clock and the Marchesa's party,

that unless two straight lines of time could have inclosed a space, it was utterly impossible for me to indite even a single half page of nonsense. So to the Marchesa's I went, at the expense of new black silk stockings and white gloves. And what have I to say of the party? It appeared to be a pleasant one enough; I did not enjoy much pleasure myself, for I was not acquainted with any of the ladies, and my he acquaintance were themselves well employed; so I wandered about, envying the happiness which I could not share, and looking for all the world like Satan in Paradise. Indeed, I wished that you and sister had been there in my place; for on you the scene would not have been thrown away. There was Whewell overwhelming the young simplicity of a little girl with the great guns of his eloquence, while she smiled as if she understood every word he said; and Romilly, with his natural courtesy, and inexhaustible stream of delightful rattle; and Sedgwick, with his north-country naiveté and irresistible grotesqueness of imagery; and Hare, and Thirlwall, and I know not who besides; and there was the pretty, vain Mrs. D., and—but I must be silent about the womankind, for want of materials; and there was music, and Miss Doria sang, (the Marquis's daughter), and young Braham, and — Coddington; and there was, I doubt not, an excellent supper, from which I fled like a prudent man, and hastened home, to dream about Eton, and the

Egyptian history, and Pope breaking his neck over the bannister, and Hare and myself translating Æschylus. Do you wish for any more news? Be it known, then, that the boat races are begun, and that the purple flag of Trinity, seconded by the stalwart arm and animating soul of the gallant Sir Kenelm, triumphed over the Johnian ten-oar, as you might have seen with your own eyes, if you would have but just stepped over to the garden at Chesterton. Also, that one of the most beautiful trees of St. John's, with all its luxury of ivy about it, has been blown down, as a most unprincipled punster asserts, by a sow-west wind; apropos of which, Mrs. Johnson proposes to send you a pig, as soon as her new brood are a few days older. Likewise, I have been introduced to the blue stocking, in whom I am rather disappointed; and Charles Kennedy was there—for Kennedy has a brother, a freshman, and amiable too, who endeavours to supplant him in the good graces of Catharine, but without success; although she allows that his eyes, and his brother's are exactly like her own, a circumstance which it puzzles her unfledged philosophy to account for; her conclusion is, that God Almighty has spent all his stuff in making these three pair, and that he will never make any more of the same colour. Dr. Wait has at length finished his book, or at least the laborious part of it. Another day's delay! however, you are of a forgiving disposition.

"I have not sent you so choice a selection of books as I could have wished; but Mr. Swan is amusing and interesting, and though Mr. Turner says little that is not brick or stone, he has some pretty pictures, which you must shew to Mr. Moore. It is hardly worth while to send books for so short a time, you will perhaps think—for they are to be back by the 24th. Well, remember me to all manner of people, and believe me yours ever affectionately,

"W. S. WALKER."

TO THE REV. D. COLERIDGE.

"*Trin. Coll. April* 28, 1829.

"MY DEAR DERWENT,

* * * * * *

"What you say with regard to my want of friends, is in part just. I agree with you, that others are not to blame: no one had ever less reason to complain of his fellow-men than I. It is true that those whom you name, as well as many others whose friendships would have been equally or more desirable, (I use a cold and an inappropriate word) have been willing to become my friends. But it is equally true that, from causes which I could explain if necessary, it has been impossible for me to avail myself of this willingness. In my intellect, in my affections, in my bodily health, in my worldly concerns, I have felt

the want of friendship; I have hungered and thirsted for it; I have struggled for it with efforts endlessly repeated, natural need superseding weariness; and still in vain. There is a gulf betwixt me and those around me, which I cannot bridge over.

"It is true also, that in my correspondence with you I have dwelt much on the subject of my own grievances. I am not insensible of the ungracefulness of this sort of personal discourse, when it arises from egotism: neither am I forgetful that your sympathies have other and weightier demands on them. But how could I help it? or what else was left me to write about? Consider but my situation. I am engaged in a complicated struggle, a struggle with manifold inward enemies, and with outward circumstances. And whither can I look for support, whither for comfort, in this warfare? Not to friendship, for I have it not: not to animal spirits, or the genial influences of outward nature, for my state of health has frozen up the one, and barred out the other: not to the exercise of my poetic faculty, for this too is forbidden me: not to hope, for although hope with me is not extinct, it is too scanty to afford any cheering warmth. Could I but see my way before me; nay, could I but believe that the path of duty was by any endurable labour or suffering discoverable, I feel that within me, or at least some portion of it, which would prompt me to say—Truth and Right above all things. But I fear much that

it is too late, and that as I am sowing in tears, so in tears also shall I reap. This however being the case, is it wonderful that those subjects of anxiety which force themselves upon my attention daily and hourly, should occupy my thoughts, and as a natural consequence overflow my correspondence? or can I be blamed if, having many troubles and no one comfort, I should seek relief by communicating to another, even at some inconvenience to him, a part of that burthen, which, if unrelieved, must finally crush me? I have written thus much, purely for my own justification. We shall however meet ere long, at least I hope so. Till then, I will be silent on the subject; not, believe me, through distrust of your kindness. Perhaps, by that time, some beneficial change may have taken place in my health, or in my worldly prospects; some light may have visited me from the eternal sun of truth, or some warmth from the blessed hearth of human love. In the mean time, think of me as of one still militant, though with little heart or hope.

"Yours truly,

"W. S. WALKER."

We have now arrived at an important crisis in Walker's life; a crisis, the issue of which was alike injurious to his temporal welfare and honourable to his conscientious integrity. He had now retained

his fellowship of Trinity as long as by the rule of the College it can be held by a layman. The time was come when he must either enter into holy orders, or resign it. That his religious doubts would by this time have settled down into such a form of belief as would enable him conscientiously to chuse the former part of the alternative was what all his friends and well-wishers had hoped; and they derived some encouragement from the consideration that such misgivings as he entertained had hitherto assumed no very definite or tangible shape. He was rather dissatisfied on certain points of faith than positively sceptical with regard to any. His unbelief, such as it was, (of *dis*belief he was constitutionally as incapable as of settled and unshaken conviction), seemed to be rather a matter of temperament than of the understanding. Of the general truth of Christianity he was only not fully convinced because it was not in his nature to be fully convinced of anything. Nor does he appear to have been disposed to question the doctrinal teaching of the Church of England on any of its fundamental or prominent points. The only subject on which he is known to have entertained serious difficulties was one not expressly mentioned in the articles of the Church—that of eternal punishment; and as his title to ordination, being his fellowship of Trinity, would have involved necessarily no cure of souls by which his principles could have been in any way practically

compromised, his friends in general found it difficult to understand what was the insurmountable impediment to his complying with a condition on which not only his support for life, but his probable opportunities of cultivating and beneficially exercising his peculiar powers, so mainly depended. Nothing, however, could overcome Walker's objections to the proposed step. His difficulties and scruples with regard to doctrine were not to be removed; and until removed they should be, no consideration could prevail upon him to do violence to his conscience by subscribing the articles of the Church, or accepting the ordination of her Bishops. When the decisive moment arrived, he unhesitatingly resigned his fellowship, and with it all hope of future independence—almost all provision even for present subsistence.

There now remained for him no possible method of obtaining a livelihood, except the unremitting exercise of his pen;—a miserable prospect even at the best. But even this was, at the critical moment, to be lost to him; for such was the agitation and disorder of mind into which he was thrown by the effort of making his decision, and the pecuniary embarrassment into which he was immediately plunged by its result, that in the following affecting letter to his friend Praed, written very shortly after this event, we find the earliest indication of that species of mental derangement which thenceforward paralysed his energies for all the purposes of self-support, and

rendered him a helpless dependent on the compassionate charity of others:—

To W. M. Praed, Esq.

"*Mrs. Perry's, Trumpington Street, Jan.* 30, 1830.

"My Dear Praed,—

"I had long fluctuated between writing and not writing; it appearing fit, on the one hand, that I should tell you somewhat of my adventures since our last parting; while on the other, there was the difficulty, indeed latterly the impracticability of writing; for I have tried fifty times in vain; but the last few days have brought with them a most compelling motive. I write partly to ask your assistance, and partly to communicate that of which the communication itself may be to me an important relief.

"To be brief, on the expiration of my fellowship, I took lodgings,—made various endeavours to obtain employment,—and failing, sunk under the burthen of ill health and continued anxiety, and for the first time in my life, abandoned even the attempt to help myself. If you knew all that I have had to struggle with, I think you would not blame me. This continued till Christmas; my dividend was received and paid away, and I now find myself three hundred pounds in debt to the Cambridge tradesmen, without

any means of paying them. I have put them off from week to week, except one, to whom, as his debt was much older than any of the others, I unwarily gave a bill for forty pounds, which sum I thought I could, by some means or other, acquire in the interim; but my expected resources have failed (*e. g.* the Classical Journal is stopped), the bill is due Feb. 5th, or 6th at farthest, and I am obliged to ask —if you can afford it—the loan of twenty or twenty-five pounds, if you have it; which, if no other means offer, I will repay you in the coin of verses—that is, supposing you can find a purchaser for such commodities.

"You will doubtless be startled by what I have now to communicate. But you must remember that I have been oppressed for years with bodily pain and manifold suffering, and this without those supports by means of which men are wont to support these evils—health, friendly society, religious consolation—and you will not wonder, though your kindness will be pained, to hear that for the last few days I have experienced a slight disorder of the faculties. I cannot easily describe it, except by saying that I cannot command my thoughts as I could before; that the images which enter my mind seem to take possession of it against my will; that I feel as if pressed by a weight, under which my reason cannot work quite perfectly. But I will not try to define it. I have had power to mention it to one

friend, and through him to a medical man, under whom I now am. I endeavour to keep myself tolerably tranquil; but the thought will recur at times, and the fear—will this be for life? It may be that it is removable, and that by proper care it may be prevented from recurring. God grant that it be so! Pray write to me soon; but that I need not ask, if this finds you in town. With regard to other matters, I speak deliberately, and from long experience, when I say, that I do not think I can work to any purpose, or employ the faculties which were given me, till my bodily disorders are in some measure cured. That I have a certain propensity to indolence and self-indulgence is too true to be denied: I fear a strong one; but it is no less certain that my friends have often mistaken the effects of downright pain and suffering for those of wilful negligence; and this prepossession has caused them to mistake my words and my motives, and discouraged me from seeking their advice and assistance. O my good friend! it is the consciousness of this,—it is this endless, hopeless misunderstanding,—this separation from society,—that has made me what I am. Other causes have conspired; but other causes would not have wrought the effect without this. It is thus that, with as many and as true well-wishers as ever man had, I have lived a life of misery for years, and am now—no matter what. Could I, however, put off the evil day of account for some time, my plan

would be to leave Cambridge, and by means of society, change of place, and change of habits, try to recover my health, so far as as it is recoverable; and having done this, engage once more in such employment as I can obtain. I know not what you will think of all this. Believe me, that I have not sunk to my present state without much and severe struggling. Malden has been, I need scarcely say, a good friend to me, as far as he knew how. Mrs. Malden is confined to her room, and has been so for some months, but her health is improving.

"Yours truly,

"W. S. WALKER."

The pressure of Walker's necessities had in this instance instinctively directed him to the surest source of earthly aid. Praed instantly acted as all who knew him would have anticipated that he would act. Not only did he relieve his unhappy friend's immediate wants, but with all the zealous and indefatigable activity of his noble nature, he set on foot and vigorously prosecuted a scheme to provide for his future support. It was hoped that by the contributions of his Eton and Cambridge friends, a sufficient sum might be raised, not only to liquidate his debts, but to purchase a comfortable annuity for him during the remainder of his life. The scheme succeeded only in part. The debts were paid; but

when that was done, only about £300 remained in hand;—a sum obviously insufficient to provide by means of annuity for a man little more than thirty years of age. In this conjuncture Praed's conduct was worthy of himself. Depositing with his banker the poor remaining three hundred pounds, he engaged to allow Walker, during life, the sum of £52 a year, securing the same to him by will in case of his own death, and (Praed-like) dissembling the generosity of the gift under the pretence that Walker's life was a precarious one, and that he had therefore probably made a good bargain. With so adroit a dexterity indeed did he confer the kindness, that his simple-minded friend seems never to have suspected its existence, and until undeceived at a later period by a third party, apparently believed that so far from receiving, he had himself conferred an obligation. Eventually he survived his benefactor seven years, experiencing to the last, at the hands of his widow, a continuance of the systematic kindness which he had received from her lamented husband, and which she still maintains towards his own relations. To the annuity allowed him by Praed was added a grant of £20 per annum from Trinity College. On this income, with occasional assistance from other friends, he subsisted till his death; for though he was almost incessantly occupied in a series of critical and philological researches, and from time to time produced a sonnet or fragment of a poem, he never could be in-

duced to turn any of his labours to pecuniary account, or to contribute in any way, directly or indirectly, to his own support.

Walker's residence during the last sixteen years of his life was chiefly in London, where he usually occupied miserable lodgings in some court in the neighbourhood of St. James's. Occasionally he visited Cambridge, Eton, and other places, endeared to him by early recollections. During Praed's lifetime he was a frequent, and, though almost always a wearisome, never an unwelcome guest at his house. In 1834 he paid a visit to the Rectory, at Rugby, and there renewed his acquaintance with the present Bishop of Manchester, at that time an assistant Master in the School; and formed new ones with the late Dr. Arnold, Mr. Bonamy Price, and other distinguished persons, then resident in the town, from whom he experienced much considerate kindness, and for whom he continued through life to entertain high admiration and respect. To one lady in particular—one of the excellent of the earth—he was indebted for a degree of sympathy and judicious admonition, his deep and grateful sense of which is recorded in some letters addressed to her, which are subjoined. With the general tone of society in Rugby he was so much pleased that at one time he seemed disposed to fix his permanent abode there, and did in fact revisit the place from time to time during several succeeding years. But his mind had now become so

radically diseased, that neither at Rugby nor elsewhere could he find repose from the assaults of the "demon" by whom he seriously believed himself to be possessed. He now began to be sensitively conscious of the singularity of his appearance, and imagining that all eyes were fixed upon him whenever he walked abroad, would confine himself to his solitary room for weeks together. His sense of hearing had become so morbidly acute that even when in the country, and much more in London, he was fain to stop his ears with cotton, and finding even that insufficient, with kneaded crumbs of bread. On one occasion he called up a medical friend at two in the morning, with a pitiable complaint that his head had been crushed flat by the wheels of a waggon. Yet amidst such hallucinations as these his intellect still retained all its original vigour and acuteness, and he was pursuing studies and producing works from which he anticipated, and his friends may perhaps be allowed to anticipate in his behalf, the eventual reputation of a Hermann or a Porson in English Literature. The following letters, written during the two or three years which elapsed between his first and his last visit to Rugby, present a melancholy record of the progress of his mental disorder:—

To Mrs. ——

"*Edmunds's, Nov.* 7, 1835.

"My Dear Madam,

* * * * * *

"Birth-day congratulations, from me, are nothing more than matters of form; but I have a personal interest in wishing that to-morrow may be only one of a large and flourishing family. To feel that I can speak and write to you with the certainty of unmingled confidence and kindness; to know that the time will never come when I shall not be entitled to address you by the name of friend; this is a consciousness that I would not willingly part with. But should we ever become, what we are not now, the inheritors of one faith and one hope, then indeed we shall be more, far more to each other than we can be now.

"My friend! this is the eve of your birth-day, and I have been talking about myself. Well—good-night, and with remembrances to your kind household, believe me yours faithfully,

"W. S. Walker."

To the Same.

"*July* 1, 1836.

"My Dear Friend,

"Our parting having been so brief, I would gladly indulge my feelings in a few additional

words, which the shortness of the time obliges me to hurry over; but if I can express even one of the thoughts which press upon me, it will be something.

"Our conversation of yesterday—how shall I speak of the new prospects which it opened to me? I have, for the first time, found one to whom I may unfold my whole heart; and who (not indeed quite alone in *this*) sees fully, and sympathizes with, those better purposes, and those endeavours, (such, alas! as they are,) which yet live and work amidst the corruption of my spirit, and the heart-sinking difficulties of my situation. And yet misgivings even now cross me; is it owing to mere physical melancholy? I suspect it is; but with the persuasion of the fact comes the fear lest it should not continue to be so, and lest I should again be left alone. My friend! you can appreciate this feeling;—but assuredly it is a mistaken one; I will not ask you to forgive it, for it implies no doubt of *you*.

"I have felt my burthen heavily since yesterday; the strife with myself, and the uncertainty as to duty, —and above all, because it is incessant, this continual tugging of my invisible chain—but I must hasten to an end. My friend! I am in the midst of sorrow and temptation; pray for me, to your God, that my purposes, instead of slackening, may be strengthened.

"I would write more, but my time will not allow. Let me ask you to write to me as soon as you have

leisure; say anything that may occur to you as either interesting, or consoling, or profitable to me; you cannot write what shall not be welcome to me. My direction is 26, Melton Crescent, Euston Square, London. May I be able to reply!

"I must conclude;—yours, my true friend,

"W. S. WALKER."

"26, *Melton Crescent, Euston Square,*
July 14, 1836.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——,

"I hope you will not, henceforward, think it necessary to finish your letter. I would rather that the epistle remained an unfinished piece, —a torso, as our friend Derwent would say,—than that its journey should be delayed on any such account.

"You must not wonder if I am brief in my communication. My mysterious companion, who interferes with everything, even to the mending of a pen or the snuffing of a candle, is with me on this occasion, as on others.

"The *immediate* occasion of my writing is as follows: I have had thoughts of requesting my friend Grenfell to try, once more, the somewhat forlorn hope of procuring for me, somewhere near

Rugby, a quiet lodging; meaning thereby, a room altogether free from street and house noises, and looking on nothing but what is green. Will you, if you think this feasible, confer with him on this subject, telling him the reasons why I wish to inflict the trouble on him? or, if you do not so opine, tell me so by word of pen?

"I would willingly have written a long letter, on divers subjects; among others on the study of the Scriptures, to which you rightly urge me, and which indeed has, for some time past, been something more than a mere intention with me. (I have just been providing myself with a new Bible, of a kind which I had been wishing to obtain, namely, one printed, as they should all be, in paragraphs, and not in verses.) But here too the all-influencing cause is at work, threatening to put an end to this as to all other studies; why it should do so, may seem to you incomprehensible; in truth there is one element in my case,—the one which I said I was obliged to keep to myself,—which explains everything, and without knowing which, you cannot perceive the full magnitude of the evil, nor the emphasis of my wishes to be delivered from it.

"I hasten gladly to a conclusion, though I am writing to you. Yours truly, in hopes of hearing from you soon,

"W. S. WALKER."

To the Same.

"26, *Melton Crescent, Euston Square,*
July 20, 1836.

"My Dear Mrs. ——,

"Thanks to Grenfell and yourself for your kindness. The bag has arrived; the shirts are gone to the wash; the odd shoe is restored to its expectant mate, and 'the Friend' has resumed its place in my small library.

"When does Moultrie talk of returning? or is the chronology yet unsettled? Praed was enquiring about it yesterday. Would that my brain-worm would permit me to follow Moultrie's example, and take a short trip to my *own* Cleobury, far away in the North! There is a little widow Walker abiding there still, with a nest of young men and women, whom I have not seen since they were 'children,' and who would be very glad to see cousin Sidney again. So haply, on some quiet summer evening, after wandering among the *antiquities* of Sowerby Lane and 'the flats,' or like another Argonaut, exploring the Golden Fleece Inn for what remains unaltered of uncle Willy's house, the power of verse might come over me also.

"I have been trying a full hour to excogitate a reply to the latter part of your letter. You will not suspect me of treating your observations slightingly

because I give up the attempt. Only one thing will I observe, that it is not with the reading of a book as a labour or otherwise, but simply as a continuous act, that my attendant interferes; even as he does with everything else, whether it be business or pleasure.

"Apropos to my 'silent moods;' this phenomenon may, perhaps, account for some of them; at any rate, he always accompanies me in conversation; and much of the hesitation, which you may have remarked in my manner, is owing to him. But there is another cause. Between the slowness with which my thoughts evolve themselves, and my ignorance on almost all subjects, I find it impossible to converse without continual,—let not the word startle you,—lying. It is a matter of conscience, not of mood. So that, until the causes of the evil are removed, I fear I shall find it necessary to eschew all company, except that in which I am allowed, by mutual understanding, to be silent or not, as I find myself called upon.

"These are not melancholy fancies. Would that you knew the woeful extent to which the habit of dishonest conformity and *make-believe* has eaten into my moral being! For—as every man is more favourably disposed by nature to some good qualities than to others—so in me there is a more vivid sense of the sacredness of truth than in most men; in me, therefore, the sin against truth is greater, and greater,

consequently, the corruption wrought in the inner man by the evil habit.

"I have a world to tell you, if I could. Perhaps this will seem but an unsatisfactory letter to send as far as Rugby; nevertheless, remember me to all my friends there, and believe me,

"Yours ever truly,

"W. S. WALKER."

To MRS. ——.

"28, *Bury Street, August 9th*, 1836.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——,

I have now been awaiting for about three centuries and a half, the result of the investigation; indeed, ever since the time of Charles the First, I have been wishing to write to you. Addison, (who by the bye gave me a very pretty description, in his manner, of a festivity which he witnessed in his grounds* on the First of June,) offered to frank me a letter in the Spectator. But in truth the hand of my Familiar is upon me; and I have just snatched a short space of time (as a fugitive does for his meal or his repose,) for that desired purpose. I apprehend indeed, from Grenfell's not writing, that some misfortune has happened; for it is not likely that he should

* The grounds of Bilton Hall, near Rugby, once the residence of Addison. The First of June is the birthday of one of the Editor's children.

have forgotten me. Let me hope to hear, if nothing prevents, from you or Moultrie; to him I have been withheld from writing; but you can speak to him of me with the same freedom that I should myself. The presence of my mysterious chain, (need I apologise for still recurring to the subject?) continues still unabated; and the conviction is daily and hourly forced upon me, that if it is not removed, I must not merely be miserable and useless for life, but perhaps (especially as I have reason to apprehend that the evil is still increasing) drop into a premature grave.

"My direction is still the same as before, though I am writing at a house near St. James's street, formerly the residence of Thomas Moore, now of my friend Nairne, and (pro-tempore) of my sister Harriet and her husband, who depart for St. Helena on Thursday, and are now occupied with preparations and partings.

"You will not wonder at my shortening my letter. Remember me to all my friends, and believe me, my dear Mrs. ——, yours very truly,

"W. S. WALKER.

"Praed was to have departed for Leamington about this time, but the death of his sister-in-law has detained him in town for the present. Tell me about Moultrie and his, (the book included), and all the Rugby news."

" 26, *Melton Crescent*, *Euston Square.*

"My Dear Moultrie,—

"The man Grenfell promised, five weeks ago, to undertake the forlorn hope of looking out a peaceful lodging for me in the neighbourhood of Rugby, and to advertise me of his success; but I have not since heard from him. I have also been disappointed in the expectation of hearing from Mrs. ——, to whom I wrote some time ago. I know that it is scarcely possible (in the latter case impossible) that this silence can proceed from neglect; but still the suspense is painful. To you I should have written long ago; but I am no longer the master of my own actions. If you are at Rugby, let me hear from you. I fear something untoward has happened.

"My thought of returning to Rugby was a choice among difficulties; for my monomania, or by whatever name it is to be called, has increased to such a magnitude as to have become the leading feature of my situation; and as it must, in the course of things, if unchecked, not merely make me miserable and useless for life, but (especially if, as I have some reason to apprehend, it is still increasing) bring me to a premature grave, I feel that it is not to be trifled with, but that I must bend all my force to its removal, if it is removable, whether by reflection, or

by the bodily appliances of regimen and outward quiet. But I will not say any more about it.

"If nothing has been done for me in the way of lodging, I should feel obliged to you to get me one at Edmunds', or any where else, pro tempore.

"I had various things and persons to enquire about; though alas! between my engrained selfishness, and the continual surveillance of my Familiar, who forces my attention from everything to himself, I think little now of any subject but one. You have seen the three Praeds by this. Remember me to them, and to every other rememberable, from τις to τι, Write soon, and believe me,

"Yours ever truly,

"W. S. W."

"26, *Melton Crescent, Euston Square, Aug.* 27, 1836.

"My Dear Moultrie,—

"Bilton will do very well. I do not like to give my friends unnecessary trouble; but I have given the experiment of perpetual noise so fair a trial, and my present circumstances are such, that &c. &c. Q. E. D.

"I am glad to hear of more verse. I should, by the way, have offered my services long ago in the way of copying, correcting the press, and what not. But what can a man do, who cannot open a book without being liable to have it, as it were, taken

from him before he has read two pages? It is from the same cause that I have almost ceased to write verse myself; and it pities me to think of the pregnant impulses, and golden conceptions, that arise within me every day, and perish for want of a receptacle,

"———— a chalice for the wine,
Which else must sink into the thirsty dust;

in like manner as (though there is scarcely a human being to whom I dare express such a feeling, for fear of its being met with a chilling reply of disbelief) it grieves me to think of the other ways in which I might be working to some worthy purpose.

"My Dæmon, who by the way leads me a bitter life, is most unpropitious to letter-writing. So I will, in brief, desire my kind remembrances to our friend, to whom (unlike myself) it is all I can give at this her season of affliction. Thanks to S. A., E., and M., for their reminiscences; especially to the last, because it is a confirmation of our treaty of amity. I hope I shall hear tidings from you soon. I should have written a letter to Praed also, but have given up the design. Your sonnet is not one of your best; a compliment which you can retaliate, if you like, upon the following, relating to an incident which occurred after one of Hannibal's victories; see Polybius, who says elsewhere, that the

Romans are never so formidable as when they are heartily alarmed.

"'We have been vanquish'd in a pitched field:'
Thus spake the Prætor to the expectant round
That overflowed the Forum; and the sound
Unheard for ages, in their spirits wrought
Such fear and woe, that warriors, who had fought
On that dread day, seeing what transport held
Wide Rome, then first, so seem'd it them, beheld
The measure of the affliction full revealed.
Yet on that scene the Gods of Rome looked down
With eye of proud presage; that peerless Foe
Shall, through his triple mail of genius, rue
The prowess, wherewith legends of renown,
Old morals, and heart-hallow'd laws, endue
That mighty people, mightiest in its woe!

"Finally, love to Mrs. Moultrie, and the small change, and believe me,

"Yours ever truly,
"W. S. Walker."

The following was written in 1838:—

"3, *Prince's Place, Duke Street, Jermyn Street, July* 3.

"My Dear Mrs. Moultrie,—

"I do not know whether you and Moultrie are still in Rugby; but if you are, I would

gladly hear from one of you on the practicability of finding a lodging there. I am harassed by continual deprivation of rest, and feel the want of quiet, though but for a little while; so that, if there is a chance of yourselves or any other friends remaining at Rugby during the vacation, I would try to make my escape thither.

"I had a visit from Derwent yesterday, who retains all his old kindliness of manner. Of him, and of the Praeds I have no news to tell you.

"That my letter may be a little more worth the postage, I will add a few verses—I wish they were not a fragment—about England and America. They are the only ones I can think of:—

"Not with base rancour, or light-minded scorn,
Name we that kindred land; rather with joy,
And sympathy, and hope, and brotherly fear,
And loving anger, watchful to repel
Each blight of sin and error, that assails
That goodly tree, and fain would eat to nought,
Its marvellous growth. For wide indeed, by sea
And sea-like water, and green wilderness,
And mountain, has the Man of Britain struck
His sturdy roots.* [ ]
Wise Penn built up his [ ]
On truth and right; where, o'er the [ ]

* The MS. is here unfortunately mutilated. Can any of Walker's friends supply the defective lines?

Manhattan, the young Carthage of the West
Spreads her still widening wings; 'mid the vast [ ]
And overflowing verdure, and profuse
Magnificence of Georgian solitudes;
Or where the Pilgrim Fathers, through the sea,
Following the star of Faith, to savage wilds
Bore, rudely shrined, the consecrated flame
Of virtuous Liberty; &c.

"Yet more—one Sonnet.

"I stood within the self-same house, and view'd
The same bright scene of grove, and lawn, and stream,
That stretch'd before me, when the marvellous beam
Of Love first flash'd upon my bosom rude.

* * * * * *

"I will not go on with it; for it is gloomy, and poetry of that description ought not to be patronized or introduced into decent company. About myself I will say nothing, except that I am in a very wretched state, and continue to feel more and more the necessity of some support without myself. I would have written you a long letter, but—remember me to the little folks, Miss Wood included, and believe me, my dear Mrs. Moultrie, yours and Moultrie's,

"W. S. WALKER.

"Tell Moultrie that Kemble has repeatedly enquired after the new edition of his poems."

Three years later he wrote to his former female correspondent as follows:—

"*Mrs. Bay's, Bullen Place, Newmarket Road, Cambridge, May* 6, 1841.

"My Dear ——,

* * * * * *

"There was a time, my kind friend, when I should not have waited for such an accidental occasion of writing to you. But the all-pervading disorder of mind, of which I formerly spoke to you, has effectually interfered with my correspondence; besides which, I believe there is such a hopeless veil of misunderstanding interposed between my old Rugby friends and myself, that I now shrink from asking their sympathy in those matters which one friend instinctively communicates to another, not from any doubt of their kindness, (at least I am sure yours and Moultrie's are unchanged) but because I believe that they, not knowing my true situation, distrust me, and despair of me, and therefore all words from me must be thrown away upon them. I will not trouble you with any account of my outward circumstances, my inward history; they are melancholy both. I only trust that I may yet be enabled to find rest beyond the grave.

"Do not trouble yourself with answering this; although, I need not say, anything that you write will be welcome to me. Believe me, my dear Mrs. ——,

"Yours faithfully,

"W. S. Walker."

It is painful to dwell on the recollection of his later years. During the course of them the author of this memoir had repeated opportunities of visiting him in London, and at each succeeding visit found his condition, both in mind and body, deteriorated, his lodgings more squalid, and his person more neglected. After the death of his best friend, Praed, his principal place of refuge from solitude and hypochondria was St. Mark's College, Chelsea, where he was uniformly welcomed and entertained by his old friend the Principal of the College, and Mrs. Coleridge, with unabated kindness. But as his mental disease increased, his visits to them and to his few other remaining friends, were gradually discontinued; and though his longing for the society and sympathy of congenial minds was so intense as not a little to aggravate his mental sufferings, his life became daily more and more solitary. Meanwhile a terrible bodily disease (the stone) had commenced its ravages on his constitution, and as he obstinately refused to submit to the necessary surgical treatment, his case by degrees became incurable. In 1846 a gleam of hope seemed to break upon his temporal prospects. A friend was unexpectedly raised up to him, whose generosity and kindness promised to supply almost all that he had lost in Praed. The following extract from a letter to Derwent Coleridge will shew what was the nature of the aid and comfort thus suddenly and munificently proffered to him:—

"41, *St. James's Place, Oct.* 3, 1846.

"My Dear Coleridge,—

"I still look forward to the hope of seeing your friendly face, and enjoying at least a short conference with the only kindred mind I have communicated with for many years. I am in a state of extreme debility, but I have begun to conceive hopes of being able to go through the operation.

"And now, my dear Coleridge, I have to inform you of a most extraordinary and important revolution in my circumstances, which I am sure will delight your kind feelings. When I was last at Cambridge, I became acquainted with a young man of the name of Crawshay, one of the family so well known for its vast concerns in the iron-works, and himself now a man of considerable wealth. We grew intimate; he was pleased to consider me as having contributed to the formation of his mind, and conceived a high opinion of me as a man of genius, lamenting that circumstances were so adverse to my exercising it. After I left Cambridge, we lost one another, till about six or seven weeks ago, when I learnt first how strong an interest I had excited in him. To omit further details, he has offered, not merely to pay my few debts, but to make me comfortable for life, by receiving me as an inmate in his house at Gateshead. He thinks he can do all this at little expense; but I do not the less appre-

ciate the liberality and kindness of such an offer. He enters on his house (a new one) in November. Should you call here, I might tell you more. Had you known the solitary, restless life I have hitherto led, you would appreciate my feelings. Kennedy, in a letter I lately received, asks me if I ever see you? He has lately been presented with a male heir—Arthur Herbert,—all his other children being girls; the eldest (at fourteen) has gained a prize for a Poem on Saul and the Witch of Endor; it is exceedingly creditable to her. His constitution is in a great measure broken by sickness.

"With kind remembrances to Mrs. Coleridge and the young people, I remain, dear Coleridge, yours faithfully,

"W. S. WALKER."

The principal portion of these generous intentions on the part of Mr. Crawshay was however not to be fulfilled. Disease had laid so firm a grasp on Walker that its progress was now no longer to be even temporarily stayed, and before his removal to his friend's house could be effected, he had entered—as, notwithstanding his intellectual aberrations and infirmities, we have surely ground for reasonable hope—into another house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

To the remainder of his engagements Mr. Crawshay was strictly faithful. Walker's debts were

paid, and if his voluminous critical writings shall ever take that place in English literature to which the author himself considered them entitled, this will be owing in no small degree to the pecuniary aid most liberally contributed by the same gentleman towards their publication.

His last days were soothed and solaced by the judicious kindness and sympathy of one who, by his theological ability, his pastoral experience, and his long and familiar intimacy with the dying man, was perhaps, of all persons living, the best qualified to "minister to *that* mind diseased,"—his friend of five-and-twenty years, Derwent Coleridge; the following record of whose attendance on Walker's death-bed, is extracted from a letter addressed by him to the author of this Memoir:—

"Our poor friend's religious state during his last hours was such as might have been anticipated by those who knew him well during his latter years,—melancholy and distressing in the highest degree—perplexing, and fearful—yet a more seeming comfortable death-bed might have left a far worse impression. There was no appearance of hardness, or levity—much the contrary. He was lodging, as probably you know, in St. James' Place, where he had a single room at the top of the house. Notwithstanding the singularity of his habits, he was evidently regarded by his landlady and her family, not merely with

kindness, but with respect. I had not seen him for some little time when I was informed, I believe by Dr. Harris, of his state,—and from that time I saw him, I believe, nearly every day—but his time was not long. He received my visits gladly, and willingly gave ear to all that I had to say of a religious nature—but he was not apparently accessible to consolation. He spoke of his own life and moral being as enormously wicked; and when I pointed out to him, as under such circumstances I thought I well might, the good which appeared to be in him—his conscientiousness, truthfulness, love of good men, and of men for their goodness,—he attributed this not to any moral sympathy with virtue, but simply to an intellectual perception of its excellence—a sort of taste for it. But in this he was surely mistaken—*one deep calleth another*. Knowledge without love would have produced aversion.

"He did not allude to his fancy, or whatever it was, of a demon, haunting and controlling him;—neither did I. Latterly indeed he had recurred less frequently to this topic, which I never encouraged, but I have no evidence that he was ever relieved from the burthen. Monomania would of course be the name given to this strange hallucination,—but I could never myself detect the slightest symptom of cerebral disturbance. It was impossible not to be reminded of the modern notion of spiritual possession, as an actual form, or cause of insanity,

or what passes for such, in the present day. I cannot but attribute to it, in part at least, a moral nature and origination. May we not look upon it as a half-wilful day dream, giving outwardness to that which was within? I am not sure whether a similar account might not be given of the Socratic Dæmon.

"Painful and oppressive as his visits were, on almost every account, I cannot but look back to them with a sort of regret. Indeed, there are few men to whom my thoughts recur more frequently, or with more interest. He carried with him an indescribable appeal for pity—a silent supplication for help, as to a happier and more privileged nature than his own—which I cannot remember without emotion. I doubt not that his sufferings, bodily and mental, were extreme. Latterly too he became less dogged and opiniated,—he took more pains to please, and shewed greater kindness of manners, especially to children or young persons. Under all his peculiarities, some of them repulsive enough, there was an unmistakeable air of refinement, and superiority.

"He retained to the last his wonderful memory,—no fact, no word, no faculty seemed to pass from him by disuse. A year or two before his death—perhaps three years—my son, then at Charterhouse, brought to him an attempt, imperfect enough, at a copy of Greek Iambics, from a very crabbed passage in Ben. Jonson, which he said ought not to have been set for this purpose. He looked them through,

and criticised them, with singular urbanity and judgment; then asking for a pen, put his eye to the paper, and wrote off, at the tea table, a set of verses, not less felicitous than his own Porson prize.

"I believe I have no other characteristic reminiscences which you do not share with me."

Walker's remains are interred in the Cemetery at Kensall Green. On his tomb is engraven a portion of the following lines, in which, a few years before his death, the author of this memoir had, in his poem of the Dream of Life, attempted to describe him, and of which let us not despair that the concluding wish, disappointed in this world, may be fulfilled hereafter in a better :—

"_____ Last appears,
In this long muster-roll, One o'er whose mind
Majestic, deep, imaginative, pure
From aught of worldy taint, which might debase
Or mar its noble energies, the Muse
Laments as lost;—by what mysterious bane
Of physical or mental malady
Disorder'd, none can tell; but so o'erthrown,
That genius, learning, wisdom, the rich gift
Of song, on none, in these our latter days,
More bountifully lavish'd, have, in him,

Become a shapeless wreck.—May brighter days
Arise on that dark waste, and heavenly light,
Piercing its spectral gloom, create anew
The wondrous world beneath it!

POEMS.

POEMS.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

I.

It is the depth of night: far, far on high
The still white moon insensibly is stealing
Along the fleecy clouds and dim blue sky,
From out her silver cup to mortals dealing
The invisible dews of rest and slumbrous feeling;
And human griefs, and weariness, and pain,
Are hush'd beneath that eye so soft and healing,
As wintry winds, that all day long complain
Through some deserted hall, at night go rest again.

II.

Thou too belike, my gentle Theocrine,
Art laid in slumber calm and innocent,
Lull'd by sweet thoughts, (such rest be ever thine!)
Fit close of day in happy duties spent
And tendances of love, with converse blent
And kindly hŏusehold smiles. So liest thou dreaming,
Like infancy serene and confident,
While the meek moonlight, thro' the casement streaming
Upon thy sleeping face, makes sweeter its sweet seeming.

III.

But not to me, fair love! but not to me
Comes genial rest, though oft entreated dear:
But anxious thoughts, that nightly watchers be
Beside my lonely chair, the servants drear
Of restless Grief, and heart-oppressing Fear,
True to their penal ministry, repel
Soft-footed Sleep, with looks and tones severe,
And words, whose import deep I may not tell
In this rude song, but guard like an unutter'd spell.

IV.

Ah! woe is me, that I am forced to wrong
With my vain griefs, and moans importunate,
The beauty of fair silence! All too long
Has this sad strife endured, this wild debate
'Twixt feeble will and adamantine fate:
When will it end? What new and vital power,
Forth walking 'mid the spirit's desolate
And ruined places, there shall plant the flower
Of hope and natural joy, and build for peace a bower?

V.

O Theocrine! the Spring returns again,
The heavenly Spring, and joy is over all:
The deep thick grass is wet with sunny rain,
Whose pattering drops like low soft music fall
On the wood-wanderer's ear: the wild-bird's call
Thrills the young listener's heart like aery wine:
On sloping banks, and under hedgerows tall,
The primrose lights her star:—one spirit divine
Fills heaven, and earth, and sea, gladdening all hearts
but mine.

VI.

—Of this no more: a voice, as of the tomb,
Is heard,—a long slow knell from yonder tower,
Telling of One cut off by sudden doom
In womanhood's full morn, and beauty's flower,
Even on the verge of the glad nuptial hour;
Leaving no record, save a portraiture
By artist memory hung in Friendship's bower,
And hauntings of remembrance, deep and pure,
In a few faithful hearts, scatter'd o'er earth's obscure.

VII.

Thou walkest yet on earth, fair Theocrine,
And earth's mysterious influences convey
Nurture to thy soft frame, and spirit fine;
But She, for whom they grieve, hath cast away
Her fleshly robes, the dress of her brief day,
And laid her down in an eternal bed:
She hath no portion in life's work or play,
Its changes or its cares; her doom is said.
The lily blooms on earth; the rose is gathered.

VIII.

She hath o'erpast the world-dividing bar;
Walks, without fear or wonder, that strange land,
Which when in dreams of thought we view afar,
Our hearts beat, and our struggling minds expand
Their wildest wings, or sink, with fear unmann'd
And soul-deep awe. No foot, of earthly mould,
Can trace her pathless course; no human hand
Uplift the cloudy veil, that hangs of old
Before the gates of death its undissolving fold.

IX.

But ye, who knew her well,—for what ye knew,
Weep ye, and spare not! for the feelings high,
The heavenward thoughts, the heart in friendship true;
For dear hopes crush'd, and many a broken tie;—
Yea, for the glory of her deep dark eye,
Her star-white brow, her cheek's incarnate morn,—
Weep even for these! we grieve when roses die,
When evening's painted clouds to air return;
What God not scorn'd to make, why should we blush to mourn?

X.

O Stella! golden star of youth and love!
In thy soft name the voice of other years
Seems sounding; each green court, and arched grove,
Where hand in hand we walked, again appears,
Called by the spell: the very clouds and tears,
O'er which thy dawning lamp its splendour darted,
Gleam bright: and they are there, my youthful peers,
The lofty-minded, and the gentle-hearted:
The beauty of the earth,—the light of days departed,—

XI.

All, all return: and with them comes a throng
Of wither'd hopes, and loves made desolate;
And high resolves, cherish'd in silence long,
Yea, struggling still beneath the incumbent weight
Of spirit-quelling Time, and adverse fate:
These only live; all else have past away
To Memory's spectre-land: and She, who sate
'Mid that bright choir so bright, is now as they,—
A morning-dream of life, dissolving with the day.

XII.

A dream,— no more.—And art *thou* more to me,
My living, but estranged Theocrine?—
As from this trance of thought I turn to thee,
Thou too art changed; thy earthly charms refine
Into a shadow of light,—a form divine,—
Most like that heavenly maid, who spake rebuke
And comfort to the visioned Florentine:
Like her,—but oh! less awful; for thy look
Is mild as evening heaven, thy voice like evening brook.

XIII.

Thou speakest,—but thy words may not be told;
Too dreadful is the laugh of worldly scorn,
And censure, showering barbed shafts and cold
On noblest things:—but to my travel-worn
And darkling spirit, like an inward morn,
Thy mystic song hath risen, a guiding light,
To point my path through this dim maze forlorn;
Till borne aloof, beyond the cope of night,
I tread the spirit's home, the land of Truth and Right!

HYMN TO FREEDOM.

Oh Freedom! who can tell thy worth,
Thou sent of heaven to suffering earth!
Save him that hath thee in his lot;
And him who seeks, but finds thee not?

Thou art the chain, from heaven suspended,
By which great Truth to earth descended;
Thou art the one selected shrine
Whereon the fires of Virtue shine.

To thee our willing thanks we raise,
For sacred hearths, for fearless days;
The cultured field, the crowded mart,
Each guardian law, each graceful art.

But thy chief seat, thy place of rest,
Is in man's deep-recessed breast:
Thy chosen task, to call to light
Its unseen loveliness and might

At thy approach, the startled mind
Quakes, as before some stirring wind,
And with glad pain, sets wide her door
To the celestial visitor.

And chased before thy presence pure
Fly sinful creeds, and fears obscure;
And flowers of hope before thee bloom,
And new-born wisdom spreads its plume.

Blithe fancies, morning-birds that sing
Around the soul's awakening;
Firm faith is thine, and darings high,
And frank and fearless purity.

—Before thy throne, a various band,
Of many an age, and class, and land,
Now waiting in the world's great hour,
We kneel for comfort and for power.

Our wills, O Freedom, are thy own,
Our trust is in thy might alone;
But we are scatter'd far apart,
Feeble, and few, and faint of heart.

Look on us, Goddess! smile away
Low-minded hopes, and weak dismay;
That our exorcised souls, may be
A living mansion, worthy thee.

Nor less in one our hearts unite
Unto that long and awful fight:
For mighty are the foes, that wage
Their warfare with thy heritage.

Against thee league the powers of wrong,
The bigot's sword, the slanderer's tongue;
And thy worst foe, the seeming wise,
Veiling his hate in friendship's guise.

But weak to thee the might of earth,
For thou art of etherial birth;
And they that love shall find thee still,
Despite blind wrath, and evil will.

In vain before thine altars crowd
The light, the sensual, and the proud:
The meek of mind, the pure of heart,
Alone shall see thee as thou art.

Sustain'd by thee, untired we go
Through doubt and fear, through care and woe;
O'er rough and smooth we toil along,
Led by thy far and lovely song.

We will not shrink, we will not flee,
Though bitter tears have flow'd for thee,
And bitter tears are yet to flow;
Be thou but ours, come bliss, come woe!

—Awake, O Queen!—we call thee not
From favour'd land, or hallow'd spot;
Where'er man lifts to heaven his brow,
Where love and right are, there art thou.

Awake, O Queen! put forth that might
Wherewith thou warrest for the right;
Speed on, speed on the conquering hour,
Spirit of light, and love, and power!

By baffled hopes, by wrong, by scorn,
By all that man hath done or borne,
Oh come! let fear and falsehood flee,
And earth, at length, find rest in thee!

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR.

καίτοι σε καὶ νῦν τοῦτο γε ζηλοῦν ἔχω,
ὅθ' οὕνεκ' οὐδὲν τῶνδ' ἐπαισθάνει κακῶν·
ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν ἥδιστος βίος
ἕως τὸ χαίρειν καὶ τὸ λυπεῖσθαι μάθῃς.
τέως δὲ κούφοις πνεύμασιν βόσκου νέαν
ψυχὴν ἀτάλλων—. Soph. Aj.

THY smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning light are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee.
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
  Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
  And other years, are coming:
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
  More precious to the heart:
But never canst thou be again
  That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
  Of fancy-fed affection;
And grief shall come with womanhood,
  And waken cold reflection;
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep
  O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
  Unto the cares of morning.

—Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordain'd to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He, who thus doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on then, little winsome thing!
All rich in nature's treasure,
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it;
'Tis Nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it?

THREE YEARS SHE GREW.

THREE years she grew,*—three lovely years,
'Mid health and sickness, smiles and tears.
The new-found world before her sight
Spread forth its treasures, wonder-bright;
Thro' form and features more defined,
More clearly beamed the awakening mind;
And kindred hearts began to feel
A deeper fondness o'er them steal:
—And then it came,—the fatal day,—
And like a dream she past away:
One moment's lapse for aye unwrought
The wondrous web of sense and thought:
One moment's lapse for aye unwove
The soul-felt ties of household love.

* Three years she grew in sun and shower.
WORDSWORTH.

And they to whom she was a part
Of daily life, of home, of heart;
Who loved to trace each new revealing
Of quicken'd sense, or wakening feeling;
Hang o'er her sleep, so still, so fair,
Or watch, with mingled joy and care,
As her light form, and fairy feet,
In happy restlessness, would fleet
From sport to sport, from place to place,
With infancy's unconscious grace;
Or woo her kisses, when at rest
She nestled in her mother's breast,
And gaze, the while, on that fair cheek,
And those blue eyes, so soft, so meek,
Which even to artless childhood lent
A look more purely innocent;
And that high brow, which seemed to express
Some touch of elder pensiveness:
—Their hopes are void, their cares are vain,
They will not see that face again:
The prayers that rose for her above,
And the fond prophecies of love,
Are mute alike: amidst their play
Her little sisters pause, and say,

"Will she not come again?" her seat
Is vacant; her quick-glancing feet
Are silent on the nursery-floor;
Her joyous laugh is heard no more.

What then remains? An image, shrined
Deep in the heart, by thought refined
To more than earthly innocence,
And angel beauty; a keen sense
Of utter loss, and yearnings vain
For that which may not be again;
Remembrances, like ghosts that walk
In the mind's stillness, holding talk
Of her, and of her winning ways,—
Her baby fondness,—the quaint plays
Of her young fancy,—witless wiles,—
Short griefs, and self-renewing smiles;
Of sufferings for her welfare borne,
The watchful night, the toilsome morn;
Of moments soothing to the heart,
Gleams of pure joy, that stole athwart
This daily scene of care and strife,
Like glimpses of a better life:
A mingled web of memory,

Sad, but from darker sadness free:
—And dreams,—for never from the heart,
Where memory dwells, can hope depart,—
Prophetic dreams, obscurely sweet,
Of some glad hour, when they shall meet
The lost one, pure from earthly stain,
From weakness, ignorance and pain
Enfranchised in that heavenly birth,
And loved, as none can love on earth.

TO THE SLEEP-SPIRITS.

Toil hath rest at set of sun,
But his brother Care hath none.
Kindly Genii of repose,
Soothers of all fleshly woes,
Have ye not a chain to bind
In its home the wandering Mind?
Have ye not a spell to steep
The wakeful Heart in transient sleep?
As ye fold your hushing charm,
Like a clinging mantle warm,
Man's o'erlabour'd frame about,
Lulling sense; O can ye not,
Cannot one of all your number,
Weave a web of spirit-slumber,
Heavenly-sweet, and long, and still,
For weary thought, and weary will?

STANZAS.*

A chain is on my spirit's wings,
When thro' the crowded town I fare;
Spell-like, the present round me clings;
A blinding film, a stifling air.

* This poem was written simultaneously with another, by the late W. M. Praed; the two Poets sitting side by side and rhyming in friendly rivalry. Praed's poem is here subjoined. Alas, that the world is still waiting for the long-promised collection of all his poems!

WRITTEN BELOW THE PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN LADY.

"What are you, Lady? nought is here
To tell your name or story,
To claim for you our smile or tear,
To dub you Whig or Tory;
I don't suppose we ever met;
And how should I discover
Where first you danced a minuet,
Or first deceived a lover?

Tell me what day the Post records
Your mother's silk and satin;
What night your father lulls the Lords
With little bits of Latin;
Who made your shoes, whose skill designs
Your dairy, or your grotto;
And in what page Debrett enshrines
Your pedigree and motto.

But when amid the relics lone
Of other days I wander free,
My spirit feels its fetters flown,
And soars in joy and liberty.

Fresh airs blow on me from the past;
Stretch'd out above me like a sky,
Its starry dome, mysterious, vast,
Satiates my soul's capacious eye.

I hear the deep, the sea-like roar
Of human ages, billowing on;
No living voice, no breeze, no oar,
One awful sound is heard alone.

And do you sing, or do you sigh?
And have you taste in bonnets?
And do you read philosophy?
Or do you publish sonnets?
And does your beauty fling away
The fetters Cupid forges?
Or—are you to be married, pray,
To-morrow at Saint George's?"

I spoke! methought the pencilled fan
Fluttered, or seemed to flutter;—
Methought the painted lips began
Unearthly sounds to utter:
"I have no home, no ancestry,
No wealth, no reputation;
My name, fair Sir, is Nobody;
Am I not your relation?"

I feel the secret, wondrous tie
Of fellowship with ages fled;
Warm, as with man; but pure and high,
As with the sacred, changeless dead.

Whate'er they felt, whate'er they wrought,
Appears, sublimed from earthly stains;
What transient was, is lost to thought;
What cannot die, alone remains.

What are our woes? the pain, the fear,
That gloom this world of time and change?
No low-born thought can enter here;
No hope, that has a bounded range.

Thou Good unseen! thou endless End!
Last goal of hope, last bourn of love!
To thee these sleepless yearnings tend;
These views beyond, these flights above.

Past time, past space, the spirit flings
Its giant arms in search of thee;
It will not rest in bounded things;
Its Freedom is Infinity!

FRAGMENT.

TO AN INFANT.

THOU pretty, witless, helpless thing,
With eyes so mildly blue,
And looks, for ever wandering
'Mid a world so bright and new;
And round soft arm, and fairy hand,
Too restless to be held;
And smiles, that come without command,
And vanish uncompell'd:
Sweet marvel! how we gaze on thee—

* * * * * *

No haunting thoughts of heretofore,
No bodings of hereafter,—
Thou pourest forth for evermore
Thine own sweet song of laughter;
A fold wherein rich meanings lie,
Joy's language in the bud;
Like a stranger's speech, whose tone and eye
Half make it understood.

* * * * * *

PEACE TO THE FAR AWAY.

PEACE to the far away! heart-peace, and mirth,
Honour, and love, to that pure-minded being,
Whom, through the cloudless air of solitude,
Mine inward eye now views, though far in space
Divided, and in heart divided more,—
Farther than tongue can tell; for sound or sign
Of man's device avails not to express
The infinite distance—the mysterious gulph
'Twixt heart and alien heart. Yet still I gaze,
As on some bright and unapproached star
The meditative wanderer, in fond hope
That, even from such communion with thy spirit,
A healing influence may descend, to calm
And harmonize mine own. For I am vext
With many thoughts: the kindly spirit of hope
Is sick within me: fretting care, and strife
With my own heart, have ta'en from solitude
Its natural calm; while, in the intercourse

Of daily life, and by the household hearth,
The silence of the unapproving eye
Falls on my heart; censure and disbelief,
And pitying smiles, and prophecies of ill
From friendly lips, like ever-dropping dews
Chilling the inward spirit of resolve,
Weigh me to earth.

Come therefore! like the Moon,
When she with white and silent steps doth climb
O'er the vext sea; shine on me once again,
Serene Remembrance! clearer and more clear
Let me behold thee, such as when thou sat'st
Beside me, on that far-surveying height,
Amidst the noontide silence, thy fair hair
Half curtaining the mild intelligence
Of thy high forehead, and soul-beaming eyes;
Thy pensive looks chequer'd with innocent smiles;
And in thy meek and stately purity
Most like that regal flower, which Fancy chose
To be an emblem of thy loveliness,—
Young Lily of the West!

It may not be:
Thy glory is not darken'd, but my eyes
Are dim with sorrow and sin, and what I see

Of thy clear vestal lamp, is but an orb
Beamless and pale, kenn'd through the sickly mists
Of my own mind. Rather let me implore
Succour from powers, that lie beyond the sphere
Of changeful Fancy; from the blessed might
Of Duty; from those forms of truth sublime,
Born with our birth, and placed within our hearts,
To guide, to warn, to strengthen;—things that were,
When our afflictions were not, and will be,
When they are past:—there let me seek for peace,
And peace may meet me there.
Mine own fair love,
My meek, my noble-hearted!—in such wise
Fond Fancy loves to dally with the thought
Of that which may not be,—farewell! farewell!

SONNET.

I LOOK'D for thy return, beloved Spring!
As with a sick man's wish, I pined for thee,
A weak and fretful longing; for to me,
I thought, thy coming would renewal bring
Of powers and loves, now slowly perishing;
Thy soft clear sun, thy buds on ground and tree
Opening, the glad tumultuous melody
Of thy young birds, each new and lovely thing,
Within my breast the selfsame joy would wake
They waked of old. O fond! to deem the spell
Of outward beauty could have power to make
Him happy, in whose heart the living well
Of happiness is dried! Thou camest at last;
And, ere I felt thy presence, thou wast past.

O COME TO ME.

—ἐπειδὰν πιεζομένους αὐτοὺς ἐπιλίπωσιν αἱ φανεραὶ ἐλπίδες, ἐπὶ τὰς ἀφανεῖς καθίστανται.

Thuc. v. 103.

O COME to me! too long I've sigh'd
O'er vanish'd joys, and hopes destroy'd;
Too long I've nurs'd, from all apart,
The anguish of a lonely heart.

O come to me, my Spirit-love!
'Tis dark within, around, above;
My soul is sick with care and fear;
My Spirit-love, oh haste thee here!

Come in that mist of pale, pale light,
Wherewith thou lov'st to meet my sight;
Thy earthly sign, the visible dress
Of thy unbodied loveliness.

Come when thou wilt—oh! far more dear
Than all our garish pleasures here
The thrill of heart-deep awe shall be,
Which tells thy coming unto me!

My words in measured tones shall flow,
Fitting thy presence, soft and low;
Thou shalt make answer in the tongue
Which spirits use, half thought, half song.

I'll tell thee all the load I bear
Of unparticipated care,—
Of secret griefs, that shun the eye
Of cold and vain society.

And thou shalt charm the sickly strife
With thy sweet looks, and words of life;
The gloom of sadness thou shalt cheer,
And quell the tyranny of fear.

We'll talk of love, and all beside
That dies not when the flesh hath died;
Of truth unchangeable, sublime,
That mocks the chains of space and time:

Thou'lt tell me all that man may know,
Of worlds above, and worlds below;
And all of wonderful or fair
Thou'st learn'd since last we parted here.

Of dear ones lost—the young, the gay,
How they waned, and waned, and past away:
And thou wilt tell me if thy wings
Have cross'd them in their wanderings.

Of her, yet mine, whom love hath borne
Through life-long toil, and wrong, and scorn;
Whose restless heart e'en now doth wake
Through night's dull watches for my sake.

* * * * *

So will we mingle converse high
Of love and holy mystery,
Till the cold and glaring day
Calls us from our joys away.

BROOD NOT.

Brood not on things gone by;
On friendships lost, and high designs o'erthrown,
And old opinions swept away like leaves
Before the autumn blast.

Brood not on things gone by!
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
Thou canst not be again what once thou wert;
Away, my soul, away!

No longer weakly cower
O'er the white ashes of extinguish'd hope;
Nor hover, ghost-like, round the sepulchres
Of thy departed joys.

Another star hath risen,
Another voice is calling thee aboard;
Thy bark is launch'd, the wind is in thy sail;
Away, my soul, away!

THE LOVER'S SONG.

SOFTLY sinks the rosy sun,
And the toils of day are past and done;
And now is the time to think of thee,
My lost remember'd Emily!

Come dear Image, come for a while,
Come with thy own, thy evening smile;
—Not shaped and fashioned in fancy's mould,
But such as thou wert in the days of old.

Come from that unvisited cell,
Where all day long thou lovest to dwell,
Hous'd amid Memory's richest fraught,
Deep in the sunless caves of thought.

Come, with all thy company
Of mystic fancies, and musings high,
And griefs, that lay in the heart like treasures,
'Till Time had turn'd them to solemn pleasures;

And thoughts of early virtues gone,—
For my best of days with thee were flown,
And their sad and soothing memory
Is mingled now with my dreams of thee.

Too solemn for day, too sweet for night,
Come not in darkness, come not in light;
But come in some twilight interim,
When the gloom is soft, and the light is dim:

And in the white and silent dawn,
When the curtains of night are half undrawn,
Or at evening time, when my task is done,
I will think of the lost remember'd one!

ONCE MORE.

ONCE more, and yet once more, mine early love,
Have I beheld thee; but thy face is wan,
And change, and sorrow, and a law austere,
Have done their work upon thee: yet thy hair
Is golden still; and in thy voice I trace
The tones that thrill'd my boyish heart in song;
And in thy looks and in thy words what seems
The ghost of that sweet playfulness, which made
Thy early years so exquisite, and hung
Upon thee, like a garland of wild flowers.
But care and inward strife have temper'd now
All sadness; and the heartless spirit and light,
Gazing on thee, would from that placid brow,
So fix'd and stedfast in its melancholy,
Recoil soul-humbled. Fancy might descry
In thee, thus pale and solemn of attire,
Some veiled votaress of the faith thou lov'st,
O'er her deserted shrine in quiet woe
Mourning; or partial love in thee might trace

Some distant semblance of that maid divine,
Young, playful, frank, high-minded, whom, to her faith
Stedfast, and to her Queen, in darkest hour,
The mighty fabler of these latter times
In song-like story hath immortalized.

APART BY THE EVENING FIRE.

APART, by the evening fire she stands,
With fixed look, and folded hands;
And her breath comes calm and regular,
Through lips as still as a sleeper's are:
She gazes, all unmeaningly,
On the fitful shadows that come and flee,
On the household, lit by the torch's ray,
In their cheerful work, or their peaceful play;
But she takes no note of outward things,
For her heart is away on its wanderings.

Through time, through space, her fancies rove
To him, her first, her only love,
Who rose like a morn on her spirit's eye,
When it woke from the dream of infancy,—
A spell-like influence, colouring
With its own rich hues each outward thing;
To him, her hope, her pride, her stay,
Her friend in sorrow, her mate in play,
Her dream in the stillness of secret thought,
Haunting her soul like a joy unsought.

And now—what change comes o'er her now?
—'Tis the thrilling thought of his broken vow;
'Tis the pang, that shoots like an icy dart
Through all the cells of her woman's heart,
As she thinks, how he has left his own
To toil through the world alone—alone;
How years may pass, and fortunes change,
And new friends smile, and old look strange,
And daily things come o'er and o'er,
But her joy, her pride, her love—no more!

Oh Hope, it is a living thing!
Ye cannot bar its visiting;
The weary spirit may chide its stay,
But it will not, will not, pass away!
'Tis busy now in her heart, to tell
He still must love, who loved so well;
He left her side for a thoughtless hour,
But the spell of the past has not lost its power;
That charm shall prevail,—and griefs and fears
Be forgotten in Love's atoning tears!

THEY GO, AND I REMAIN.

THEY go, and I remain. Their steps are free
To tread the halls and groves, in thought alone
To me accessible, my home erewhile
Heart-loved, and in their summer quiet still
As beautiful, as when of old, return'd
From London's never-ebbing multitude
And everlasting cataract of sound,
'Midst the broad, silent courts of Trinity
I stood, and paus'd; so strange, and strangely sweet,
The night-like stillness of that noontide scene
Sank on my startled ear.

* * *

Those days are past!
And like a homeless schoolboy, left behind
When all his mates are free to sport their fill
Through the long midsummer, I sit, and strive
To cheat my hope-sick heart with memory.

FRAGMENT,

WRITTEN PARTLY WHILE LISTENING TO MUSIC.

SOUL of the Loveliness unseen!
Whose steps are in the ancient sea,
And in the meadow sunny-green,
And in the clouds that change and flee;
Who peoplest barren vacancy
With power, and meaning, and delight;
And, mixing with all things that be,
Dost circle, like a travelling light,
Around the cloudy heaven of this world's glimmering night!

Here too thou walkest, spirit free;
I feel, I know thy secret sign:
Thou in the land of melody
Hast built thyself a kingly shrine,
Through which thy lineaments divine,
In grace and glory, beam and move:
The waves of Music roll and shine
Before thee, where thou bidst them rove,
And waft to human hearts thine embassies of love.

The waters of that wondrous deep
By thee, as by a God, are driven;
Now flashing 'gainst the foamy steep,
Now rolling, calm as seas at even,
Beneath the vast mysterious heaven:
Swayed by one sightless impulse all,
Still shifting, as thy word is given,
Through glorious rise, or gentle fall,
The hosts of lovely sound fulfil thy sovereign call.

Thou beamest, like an inward light,
Through that interminable throng;
From where the organ, in its might,
Down arched roofs sublime and long
Rolls fiercely forth its storm of song;
To where, in some small peaceful home,
A sweet-voiced wife, the evening long,
Sings to her mate, while through the room
The frequent fire-light plays, chequering the gentle gloom.

* * * * *

TO B. H. KENNEDY.

THE heart hath its own kingdom, portion'd off
From the blank common earth; a range select
Of places, by remember'd grief, or joy,
Or early love, or the mere mystery
Of past existence, hallow'd; Goshen-spots,
Aye bright with spiritual sunshine; and which all,
Who have not sinned away their human heart,
Fold in its best affections. Such to mine
Are Twickenham, and the towers of Eton old;
Such Teign's green cliffs; and pleasant Doncaster;*
And the fair Mother of free-minded men
In Granta;† and that lowly town beloved ‡
'Mid Mowbray's northern vale. And such, kind
Friend,

* "The pleasant town of Doncaster."—IVANHOE.
† Trinity College. ‡ Thirsk in Yorkshire.

The shadowy stillness of its grove, its rooms
Nestling 'mid flowers and sunshine, its mild charm
Domestic, woman's gentle courtesy,
And the rare loveliness of infant mirth,
Have made thy home to me. Therefore, with those
My memory's elder idols, in my heart
Deep-cell'd, thy Harrow shall henceforth be join'd,
Last Sister of a family so fair.

TO CHARLOTTE AMY MAY,

DAUGHTER OF B. H. KENNEDY, BORN MAY 14, 1832.

FAIR first-born flower of middle May,*
With silken leaves as white as day,
And eye of tender blue;†
Sweet nursling, born in happy hour,
Where Ida ‡ spreads her greenest bower
O'er loving hearts and true:

Or art thou, with thy looks and smiles,
And motions, and unconscious wiles,
A playful Ivy rather,
Weaving in many a circlet fine
Thy little tendrils, to entwine
A pair of hearts together? §

* Keats calls the musk-rose "mid-May's eldest child."
† A mistake of the Poet's; the little Lady's eyes were dark.
‡ Ida, says the Scholiast, is the exoteric name of Harrow Hill
§ I am afraid this illustration is not the Poet's own; but no matter for that.

Thy growth is under kindly skies,
The sunshine of beloved eyes
Is on thee all day long;
And all the airs of joy, that roam
The Eden of that happy home,
Disport thy leaves among.

A stranger sought that Paradise,
To bathe his parched heart and eyes
In its delicious green;
And when he thinks of that lone bower,
He thinks of thee, Spring's favourite flower,
And May-time's infant Queen.

THE YOUNGER SISTER.

SHE sported round him, gay and light
As summer breeze, or faery sprite;
Exchanging meek endearments now,
Now masking Love in Anger's brow:

Now startling him from grave reflection
With pretty sallies of affection,
Sweet fancies, which he wots not of:
—How lovely is a sister's love!

Oh, prize her well! for who can know
In what heart-pain, what stifling woe,
Her looks, her soothing words, may be
The breath of inward life to thee?

Yet not for *this*—nay, shame on me,
That I should speak such words to thee!
Of thy true spirit counsel take,
And love her—for her own love's sake!

SONNET.

I WOKE with beating heart and throbbing brain:
The memory of that self-devoted maid,
A haunting care, upon my spirit prey'd,
And deeper thoughts, pregnant with obscure pain,*
Lay like a heavy load upon my brain:
When lo! a voice—'twas a light-hearted boy
Singing, still singing, at his morn's employ;
A boy, yet delicate and soft the strain
As ever maiden sang, at twilight hour,
In pastoral cot, or stately latticed bower.
I lay and listen'd, till all thoughts of pain
And sorrow melted from me, and my mind,
To a still dream of melody resign'd,
Lay hush'd and tranquil as a summer main.

* And obscure pangs made curses of his sleep.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

I AM FAR FROM HER.

I AM far from her whom my soul loves best,
I am far from my love, and yet I am blest;
And my heart leaps in me as blithe and gay,
As the heart of a bird on a glad spring day.

For I know that my love is good and pure,
And I know that her faith is firm and sure;
A fount of truth, too deep and still
For chance to ruffle, or absence chill.

We have loved thro' want, we have loved thro' wrong,
We have felt the blight of the slanderer's tongue;
And the selfish scorner's worldly eye
Has mock'd at our calm fidelity.

But our friendship droop'd not in the shower,
For it was not the growth of a summer hour;
And the worldling's smile, and the false one's sneer,
Made each but to each more proudly dear.

Then onward, onward, in hope and joy!
We are far apart, but our meeting is nigh;
Our term of trial will soon be o'er,
And the true shall meet, to part no more!

HOW CAN I SING?

How can I sing? all power, all good,
The high designs and hopes of yore,
Knowledge, and faith, and love,—the food
That fed the fire of song,—are o'er;

And I, in darkness and alone,
Sit cowering o'er the embers drear,
Remembering how, of old, it shone
A light to guide,—a warmth to cheer.

Oh! when shall care and strife be o'er,
And torn affection cease to smart;
And peace and love return once more
To cheer a sad and restless heart?

The lamp of hope is quench'd in night,
And dull is friendship's soul-bright eye,
And quench'd the hearth of home-delight,
And mute the voice of phantasy.

I seek for comfort all in vain,
I fly to shadows for relief,
And call old fancies back again,
And breathe on pleasure's wither'd leaf.

In vain for days gone by I mourn,
And feebly murmur, o'er and o'er,
My fretful cry—Return! Return!—
Alas, the dead return no more!

It may not be: my lot of thrall
Was dealt me by a mightier hand;
The grief, that came not at my call,
Will not depart at my command.

Then ask me not, sweet friend, to wake
The harp, so dear to thee of yore;
Wait, till the clouds of sorrow break,
And I can hope and love once more.

When pain has done its part assign'd,
And set the chasten'd spirit free,
My heart once more a voice shall find,
And its first notes be pour'd for thee!

TO MAY, 1822.

WELCOME, welcome, bonny May,
With thy fields so green, and thy skies so gay,
And thy sweet white flowers that hang on the tree;
Welcome, welcome, dear May, to me.

Welcome to thy gentle moon,
And the soft blue still of thy genial noon;
Welcome to thy lightsome eves,
And the small birds singing among the leaves.

Thy coming has waken'd the spirit of love
In earth, and in sea, and in heaven above;
The happy air runs o'er with balm;
'Tis too soft for mirth, and too glad for calm.

From the heart of man thou hast taken the seal,
Thou hast taught the breast of dear woman to feel;
And cheeks are smiling, and thoughts are free,
And all is happy on earth but me.

I feel thee not as I felt of old,
For my heart within me is wither'd and cold;
I feel thee not, but I see thy face,
And 'tis bright with its own Elysian grace.

Thou wert lovely then—thou art lovely now,
Though all is alter'd on earth but thou;
And the poet's voice, though broken it be,
Has yet a song of praise for thee.

—But thou art passing, and wilt not stay;
Like the joys of youth, thou art passing away,
With thy eye of light, and thy foot of mirth,
To chase the old sun round the far green earth.

Thou art passing onward, and wilt not stay—
Then a kind farewell to thee, bonny May!
Bright be thy pathway, and happy thy cheer,
And a kind farewell till another year!

SONNET ON LEAVING TEIGNMOUTH.

Fair fields, rich hedgerows; the eternal sea,
And its great bounds; broad hills of green increase;
White hamlets lone; and, nestling among these,
A happy bower, where true-born courtesy
Clasps with its graceful wreath the goodly tree
Of Home Affection;—thro' such scenes of peace,
Borne by his wayward fortune's hurrying breeze,
A stranger past; and when the potency
Of that all-mastering blast still swept him on,
As voyager, harbour'd on some unknown strand,
On mossy trunk or rude memorial stone
Inscribes his homely record, in like guise
Wove he these uncouth rhymes, to memorize
The welcome which he met in that fair land.

TO CLARA.

THE fire of mind, that lights my clay,
May burn and die, a lonely flame,
Nor leave a trace behind, to say
That e'er it warm'd a mortal frame.

But if, as early hopes foretold,
(And early hopes are cherish'd long,)
My name should ever shine enroll'd
Among my Country's sons of song;

Thou wilt not grieve, my gentle friend,
That thou hast given thy youthful bloom
Upon the couch of pain to tend,
And lighten sorrow's lonely gloom.

Yet fear no flatterer's voice in me;
I would not wrong, with pompous praise,
The sweets, which Love unconsciously
Sheds round it, as a star its rays.

The simple violet takes no thought,
While breathing forth its odours rare;
They came from heaven, they cost her nought,
And yet they gladden earth and air.

EVENING.

'MIDST a rich shew of clouds, the day
Sinks slowly, like some honour'd friend,
Whom, as he parts upon his way,
A faithful farewell train attend.

The night comes on with silent pace,
The sounds of busy life decay;
Like ocean-waves, that ebb apace,
The mingled murmurs melt away.

The first few stars begin to peep,
The birds have ceased their melody,
And slumber settles, soft and deep,
On childhood's quickly-closing eye.

* * * * * *

This is the hour, the hour of rest,
By sages lov'd, by poets sung,
When 'midst the stillness of the breast
The gates of thought are open flung;

When grief, and wrong, and worldly ills,
Touch'd by the magic hour, are flown,
As some meek-hearted mother stills
With gentle voice her infant's moan;

When cares and pleasures unrefined,
Day's various scenes of toil or glee,
Retire, and leave the exorcised mind
One still and dim vacuity;

And clearer through the silent void
Is heard the voice of Truth supreme,
And brighter thro' the gloom descried
The torch of Wisdom sheds its beam.

Then the strong soul, unfetter'd, wings
Where'er she lists her flight sublime,
Thro' earthly, or eternal things,
Thro' good or ill, thro' space or time:

O'er early errors heaves the sigh,
Looks downward thro' unfolding years,
And broods on coming grief or joy
With tranquil hope, and chastened fears.

Then the great spirit of the past
Comes, with his rainbow-flag unfurl'd,
Whose folds, far-spread, on all things cast
A light, that is not of this world;

And the rapt soul in vision views
Her early loves, and hopes, and fears,
Trick'd in his nameless, glorious hues,
Like visitants from other spheres.

Then, too, the heart is at its play,
The strings of love draw closer then,
And thoughts, dear thoughts, that slept by day,
Come to the lonely heart again.

This is the hour, the peaceful hour,
By sages and by bards approved,
When Hope and Memory blend their power,
And they, who love us, best are loved. *

* This is the hour the loved are dearest,
This is the hour the parted meet,
The dead, the distant now are nearest,
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.
C. H. TOWNSEND.

LINES WRITTEN AT RUGBY, 1834.

———So lovely seem'd
That landscape; and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair.

PARADISE LOST. iv.

NOT here, not here! though here I meet
Heroic worth, and manly sense,
And virgin faces, young and sweet,
Bright with the joy of innocence;
Though high-born minds their thoughts entwine
In frank and kindly wreath with mine;
And home's pure breath among your bowers
Blows, like an air from Eden-flowers
From cheerful morn to peaceful eve;
Though fields are still, and green, and bright,
And suns and clouds for ever weave
Their wondrous web of shade and light;
Not here!—to heart, and mind, and will,
The lonely curse is clinging still;

The life-long thorn will not depart;
The fire of care is in my heart;
Your hearths are cold, your fields are drear;—
My home, kind Beings! is not here.
My home is in the golden Past,
The phantom-land of vanish'd years;
[Among the flowers that would not last,
Beneath the sun that set in tears.] *

* * * * * *

* The Lines between brackets are erased in the Author's MS.—Ed.

TO MY SISTER, SAILING FOR ST. HELENA.

Go forth to thine appointed rest
Beyond the broad sea-foam;
Go forth, our fairest and our best,
To thy far island-home!
With him, thy youthful heart's approved,
Thy mate for many a year beloved,
In thy full matron bloom
Go forth, to act, as fate commands,
Thy part of life in other lands.

Kind thoughts attend thee, from the place
Where thou hast been so long
A daily sight, a household face,
A mate in work and song;
A flower to cheer, a lamp to shed
Soft light beside the sick one's bed:
To that beloved throng
Each act of daily life shall be
A mute remembrancer of thee.

Full well we know, where'er thy lot,
Thou canst not be alone;
For Love, in earth's unkindliest spot,
Will find, or make, its own;
And from the green and living heart
New friendships still, like buds, will start:
But yet, wherever thrown,
No ties can cling around thy mind
So close as those, thou leav'st behind.

And oft, while gazing on the sea
That girds thy lonely isle,
Shall faithful memory bring to thee
The home so loved erewhile;
Its lightsome rooms, its pleasant bowers,
The children, that like opening flowers
Grew up beneath thy smile;
The hearts, that shared from earliest years
Thy joys and griefs, thy hopes and fears.

The sister's brow, so blithe of yore,
With early care imprest;
And she, whose failing eyes no more
Upon her child may rest;
And kindred forms, and they who eyed
Thy beauty with a brother's pride;
And friends beloved the best,
The kind, the joyous, the sincere,
Shall to thine inward sight appear.

And they, whose dying looks on thee
In grief and love were cast,—
The leaves, from off our household tree
Swept by the varying blast,—
Oft, in the mystery of sleep,
Shall Love evoke them from the deep
Of the unfathomed Past,
And Fancy gather round thy bed
The spirits of the gentle Dead.

Farewell! if on this parting day
Remorseful thoughts invade
One heart, for blessings cast away,
And fondness ill repaid;
He will not breathe them:—let them rest
Within the stillness of the breast;
Be thy remembrance made
A home, where chastening thoughts may dwell:—
My own true sister, fare thee well!

SONNET TO THE SAME,

With Trench's Poems.

Take with thee, Sister, to thy lone retreat
These breathings of a thoughtful Poet's mind,
One in whose spirit heavenly love, combined
With earth's affections, blends in union meet.
Love him, and fear him not; he will not cheat
Thy trusting fancy with unsure delight;
Nor turn to sickly moods of sullen spite
The grief, that seeks in verse a refuge sweet.
With every feeling of the common day
The song shall harmonize: to thoughts, that tend
Beyond this vale of sense, his words shall lend
Fit voice: and when thy Country far away
Swells at thy breast, to him thy care impart,—
He shall interpret for thee thy full heart.

STANZAS TO THE SAME, AT ST. HELENA,

With Moultrie's Poems.

Sister! to thee a gift I send,
Though small, yet rich in worth;
The page, whereon my Poet-friend
Has pour'd his spirit forth.

A welcome gift to thee, I guess,
For thou hast loved full long
His soft and mellow tenderness,
His easy-flowing song.

Now in his fancy's noon serene
'Twill be a joy to rest,
And on its warm and balmy green
Recline thy yearning breast.

The themes he dwells on, are the ties
To which the exile clings;
Home, friendship, kindred sympathies,
All dear and sacred things.

And when thou hear'st, by wondrous art,
The caves of verse repeat
The changeful music of thy heart,
In echoes doubly sweet;

'Twill cheer thee, as the kindly tone
Of some familiar voice
Breaks on us in our musings lone,
And makes our griefs rejoice

TO ——

It is not in thy sight
That the foes of peace have power;
They shrink before thy gentle might,
And shun the charmed hour.

For while I breathe the balm
Of thy sweet and saintly voice,
And bathe me in thy forehead's balm,
How *can* I but rejoice?

But when the light is o'er,
And the vision past away,
And my waking eyes look out once more
On the cold and sunless day;

I feel like one who goes
From a home of light and love,
When the earth is pale and chill with snows,
And the heaven is dark above.

THE RAIN IS FALLING.

THE rain is falling sluggishly, the night is sad and still,
My weary soul is waning with thoughts of woe and ill;
The earth is cold beneath me, the heavens are black with fear;
My sleepless heart is calling thee: Oh! would that thou wert here!

Oh! would that thou wert here, with thy brow so calm and high,
Thy smile of meek affection, thy undeceiving eye;
By the worm of remorse, by the hell of a peaceless home,
By the madness of suspense, beloved, haste and come!

BEREAVEMENT.

A SHADOW from the unknown world hath fallen
Upon a human home: a kindred life
Hath vanish'd in the unrestoring grave:
An old familiar face hath past away
To join remember'd things. O'er house and hearth,
Chambers and walks, a feeling sad and dim,
An all-pervading sense of vacancy,
Rests like a cloud. Amidst the household talk,
And work-day cares, and accidents of life,
Misgivings are entwined, and mournful thoughts,
That will not be repelled. From heart to heart
The general sorrow circles, like a stream
Changing its face according to the hue
Earth lends it: down the cheek of youth the tears
Fall wild and rapid, like a summer rain:
On the still heart of age the weight of woe
Sinks cold and deep: childhood, the while it droops
In imitative sadness, hears with awe,
And unbelieving wonder, the strange news

That it shall never see that form again,
Which from the first of memory has been
A daily sight, a part inseparable
Of home and of its ways, from morn to eve:
And when the speechless infant, his fair cheek
Suffused with the heart's laughter, from his play
Looks up, to claim the accustomed sympathy
Of answering smiles, he wonders to behold
The faces, never sad to him before,
Blotted with tears.

SONNET.

We looked that thy calm soul should pass away
In calmness; that thy lamp of home-delight
And mild activity, kept clear and bright
By inward peace, should still around us play
Through many a tranquil hour of soft decay,
To soothe and cheer; as on a summer night,
With foot invisible, the western light
Steals down the heaven. But on thy waning day
Death closed, like sudden midnight upon eve:
A blast of sorrow smote thee, ere thy tree
Was sere for fall: the drops that flow for thee
Down manly cheeks, and from soft eyelids shower,
Are bitter as the tears of those, who grieve
For maiden youth, cut off in its first flower.

SONNET.

THEY say that thou wert lovely on thy bier,
More lovely than in life; that, when the thrall
Of earth was loos'd, it seem'd as though a pall
Of years were lifted, and thou didst appear
Such, as of old amidst thy home's calm sphere
Thou satst, a kindly Presence, felt by all
In joy or grief, from morn to evening-fall,
The peaceful Genius of that mansion dear.
—Was it the craft of all-persuading Love
That wrought this marvel? or is Death indeed
A mighty Master, gifted from above
With alchemy benign, to wounded hearts
Ministring thus, by quaint and subtle arts,
Strange comfort, whereon after-thought may feed?

TO THE SEVEN EXPELLED PROFESSORS OF GÖTTINGEN.

ANOTHER leaf is added to the book
Of worthy deeds; another record fair
To which in after times good men may turn
For light and strength, in the great war o' th' world,
When sufferings hem them round, and sinful fears
Wax strong within them. Honour be your meed,
High-hearted men! who to blind power opposing
The Scholar's peaceful fortitude, have striven
For Liberty and Law. The approving smiles
Of kindred spirits shall like sunshine wait
On your bleak path of banishment; and when
The strife is o'er, and your great father-land,
The land of Thought and Learning, hath achieved
Its hard-won freedom, your just deed shall shine,
Amongst the records of that glorious time,
Enroll'd for fame, throughout the years of man.

PHANTASMAGORIA.

'Twas in that hour of soften'd light,
More still than noon, than eve more bright,
I sat alone: my spirit wrought
With some obscure but mournful thought.

On wall and floor the slanting ray
In golden lines of splendour lay,
Moveless, and clear, and mildly bright,
Like Gentleness in its delight.

Swiftly, yet calmly, o'er my soul
The spirit of sweet Nature stole;
The mists that clogg'd my heart and brain
Fell from me, like a captive's chain.

The anxious *now*, the gloomy *here*,
Seem'd, as by spell, to disappear;
The earth and heaven of other days,
With all their glories, met my gaze.

The ghosts of Nature's lovely things
Came fleeting by on spirit-wings;
And rapt, as in a changeful dream,
I gave my bark to Memory's stream.

—I thought of deep-blue summer noons,
Of purple eves, and midnight moons;
Of long green lanes, and garden-bowers,
And fields ablaze with yellow flowers.

How sweet 'twas once to wake, and spy
The first brief dawn o'erspread the sky,
So broad, so clear, so pale, it seems
Like the bright noon without its beams.

Or on spring morn through fields to fare,
'Midst the green smell, and soft warm air,
And, listening to the song-bird's trill,
With mystery of sweetness thrill.

How oft, at fall of winter night,
I'd watch'd the dark-red western light,
Hung, like a gloomy torch, on high,
Amidst the wild winds' revelry.

How hush'd I lay, while o'er my soul
The awfulness of darkness stole,
And listen'd, half the night-time long,
To Silence, and her murmuring song.

I thought of storms, what time the sun
Look'd brazen through the rain-clouds dun,*
Or glorious o'er the dropping earth
The sudden rainbow brighten'd forth.

Of quick-eyed lightning, and the wonder
Of the many-voiced thunder;
Of glittering frost, and pure white snow,
Spread like a sea o'er all below.

I thought of scenes where youth had been,
And regions but in spirit seen:

* * * * * *

Soft grassy slopes, and winding floods,
And silent, shadowy, endless woods,
Where through green arches, window-bough'd,
Gleam broken sun and sever'd cloud.

* "The rich brazen light of a rainy sunset."—COLERIDGE.

All goodly forms of air and earth
Came forth, as from a second birth:
Like wonders in some old romance,
One after one they met my glance:

And as they past, I seem'd to hear
A choral hymn from some far sphere,
Telling of beauty true and high,
That was, and is, and will not die.

THERE IS A LIGHT.

THERE is a light unseen of eye,
A light unborn of sun or star,
Pervading earth, and sea, and sky,
Beside us still, yet still afar:

A power, a charm, whose web is wrought
Round all we see, or feel, or know,
Round all the world of sense and thought,
Our love and hate, our joy and woe.

It goes, it comes; like wandering wind,
Unsought it comes, unbidden goes:
Now flashing sunlike o'er the mind,
Now quench'd in dark and cold repose.

It sweeps o'er the great frame of things,
As o'er a lyre of varied tone,
Searching the sweets of all its strings,
Which answer to that touch alone.

From midnight darkness it can wake
A glory, bright as summer sea;
And can of utter silence make
A vast and solemn harmony.

To the white-dawn, and moonlight heaven,
The flower's soft breath, the breeze's moan,
The rain-cloud's hues, its spell hath given
A life, a meaning not their own;

And to the sound of friendly tongue,
And to the glance of loving eye,
The smiles of home, the voice of song,
A beauty spiritual and high.

And when we muse on vanish'd joys,
And wander 'mongst the lost and loved,
Like children 'midst their treasured toys,
Then, chiefly then, its might is proved.

'TIS UTTER NIGHT.

'Tis utter night; over all Nature's works
Silence and rest are spread; yet still the tramp
Of busy feet, the roll of wheels, the hum
Of passing tongues,—one endless din confused
Of sounds, that have no meaning for the heart,—
Marring the beauty of the tranquil hour,
Press on my sleepless ear. Sole genial voice,
The restless flame, that flickers on the hearth
Heard indistinctly through the tumult, soothes
My soul with its companionable sound,
And tales of other days. Thither I turn
My weary sense for refuge; as a child
In a strange home, with unaccustomed sights
Perplex'd, and unknown voices, if it spy
Some well-remember'd face, with eager joy
Flies to the sure protection, and clings close
Round the beloved knees.

* * * * *

'TIS SAD WHEN SICKNESS.

'Tis sad when sickness loads the frame;
When kind ones look distrust and blame;
When worldly cares are pressing still;
And heaven is dark, and earth is chill.

But oh! it is a deeper pain
To know, our best resolves are vain,—
Our cold, half-love of Truth and Right
Too weak to nerve us in the fight!

Oh Right! oh Truth! in power come down,
And make our feeble hearts your own;
To think that we are yours, will be
A joy in deepest misery!

MINE EYE IS ATHIRST.

MINE eye is athirst for the glancing dew,
And the young spring leaves, and the sun-cloud blue;
And my listless ear
Is sad till it hear
The morning song of the birds anew.

To the dear old fields in heart I'm borne,
Where the gorgeous poppy spots the corn;
Where the houses are white
In the evening light,
And the hills are blue in the clouds of morn.

Fast, fast, the spirit clings
To the forms of old beloved things;
And deep, and deep,
The affections sleep,
That waken to Nature's visitings!

* * * * * *

SONNET

To J. M. KEMBLE.

Speed on thy journey, Kemble, unsubdued
By labour, where the voice of Truth august
Points thy steep path; speed on in fearless trust,
Though blind neglect oppose, and clamour rude.
Not to light end, trūe soul, hast thou eschew'd
The meanness of ambition, and wild lust
Of joys, that lay our nobler powers in dust,
To toil obscure and thoughtful solitude,
Wedding thy bloom of life. Thou sit'st, meseems,
By a lone watch-fire, with unsleeping eye
And patient love, nursing its languid gleams
In darkness and in silence; but ere long,
Waked by its blaze, shall many round thee throng,
To light from thine a flame which will not die.

SONNET

To Robert Nairne.

High thoughts are sometimes with me, Friend sincere,
Even in this ill estate: I yet presume
A doubtful hope, that in far years to come,
When men shall talk of Wordsworth, Nature's seer,
And eagle-minded Coleridge, and the clear
Planet of song, that set in morning gloom
Among the pines, beneath the Cestran tomb,
And what like souls our England's latter year
Hath borne, they in that roll the name may write
Of one, whose inward power, in mists of grief
Long quench'd, and deeper gloom of spiritual night,
Yet, ere his flower of song had shed its leaf,
Brake forth, and spread itself in many a lay
Of love and truth, that might not pass away.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

Among the clouds and trees the ancient wind
Is singing its great song: athwart the stars
The lightning flashes, broad and tremulous:
Yet above all this tumult and within
There reigns, o'er all things sensibly diffused,
The *spirit* of deep stillness.

* * * * * *

O GRIEF!

O grief! beside the stream of holy love
To stand, and mark its everlasting flow,
Its laughing leaps, its murmurs sweet and low,
Its bordering flowers, its glory from above;
Yet feel that thine own home far distant stands
Amidst the desart sands!

* * * * * *

FRAGMENT.*

* * * * * *

"THOSE days are past;—and it is now
A place where all may come and go;
To which the tide of travellers flows,
For transient mirth, or brief repose:
All pressing to some onward aim,
They come, and vanish as they came:
The mansion hath in them no share,
Their hopes, their loves are all elsewhere.
No legends gather round its halls,
No household genii haunt its walls.
But yet to me, where'er I roam,
O'er that estranged and altered home,
O'er sacred hearth, and social room,
And echoing threshold, and the gloom
Of staircase old, o'er ivied towers,
And gardens bright with summer flowers,
O'er floor and roof, o'er wall and bed,
The glory of the Past is spread,

* The speaker (a Pagan) has been describing the home of his childhood.

Clothing its chambers with a light,
To which the noonday sun is night.
And if indeed, as Christians say,
The unbodied soul must live for aye,
I think that mine, where'er it be,
Will keep, through its eternity,
In joy or sorrow, unremoved,
The image of that place beloved."

* * * * * *

THE MID-DAY COCK.

THE mid-day cock is crowing,—
The solemn wind is blowing;
A moment to my heart they come,
Through the town's unjoyous hum,
Through the weary din, and stir, and press,
Those strange and mingled sounds of solemn cheerfulness!
—But the marvellous music is fled;
The waters have closed o'er it,
And will no more restore it;
The corpse is there, but the life is flown;
My spirit is alone.
—O solitude! enchanter strong!
Would thou wert here, to wake the dead,
The pale cold sounds whose life is fled,
And bid them sing to thee, and join their song!

FRAGMENTS OF AN EPITHALAMIUM.

* * * * * *

AWAKE then, voice and song,
That hast been silent long!
Wake for the young, the fond, the faithful-hearted!
Wake for the youth, whose breast
Now throbs with sweet unrest,
For whom the veil of hope this day is parted;
And her, who hath to Love resign'd
The key of her rich heart, and bow'd her tameless mind.

* * * * * *

A touching sight, to see
That type of majesty,
That stately form, and that far-soaring mind,
Subdued, in joy and pain,
To the mysterious chain
Ordain'd from aye a woman's heart to bind;

And stooping from its glorious birth
To the fond cares of man, and softnesses of earth.

A touching thought, to know
That one like her must go
Through every path which feeblest women tread.

* * * * * *

And she, the maid of song,
Whose task hath been so long,
With sister's care, his lonely bower to tend,
And spread her warm heart's fold,
To shelter from the cold
Of this bleak world her brother and her friend;
And with soft harp and soul-sweet voice
Relax his toil-worn brow, and make his griefs rejoice.

Her charge will soon be o'er,
Yet will she not deplore
That to her early friend that care is given.

* * * * * *

But now his toils are o'er,
And he may go once more
To his dear mountain-dwelling, there to hold,
With hills and lakes and skies,
And his glad children's eyes,
And one fond heart, communion uncontroll'd;
And with that deep and lofty mind,
Whose thoughts have beamed o'er earth, a watch-light to mankind.

* * * * * *

But hush! they suit not here,
The sounds of doubt and fear;
Young Bride, the Poet owes not *this* to thee
For many a cordial smile,
For commune held awhile
With thy fair mind, and heart-born courtesy;
Nor hath the fortune order'd wrong,
Which twines his farewell strain with this thy nuptial song.

For he, too, must depart;
With many a friendly heart,
And new-found home, his converse must be broken;
He may not come again,
Yet, haply, not in vain
Your looks, your words have to his spirit spoken;
Nor vainly hath he wrought the lay,
Which blends your thoughts of him with this remember'd day.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

A FRAGMENT, IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

THE warrior youth, who by the will rais'd up
Of Israel's God, the chosen tribes releas'd
From persecution, ignominy, and shame,
Winning his way through toils, till he o'erthrew
Syria's proud monarch, from his hands redeem'd
The city of God, to Sion's Mount restor'd
Her glory, and rekindled Israel's sun,
Sing, heav'nly Muse! who ne'er to fabled acts
Of God or God-born hero militant,
Didst pay vain homage; but before the throne
Of the Omnipotent, for ever join'd
With angels and the spirits of the blest,
Tun'st the full hymn: O guide my wand'ring spirit,
My lowly fancy raise, and be my mind
From darkness light, that equal I may sing,
Theme not ignoble, o'er his leagued foes
Judas in triumph riding, type of Him
Who through this vale of mortal misery

Travell'd with feet divine, and to his heav'n
Return'd, victorious o'er the thrones of hell.

It was the hour of eve, and the slant sun
Sinking, resign'd the air to Sleep, who shed
Dews from his car oblivious, and all lands
With quiet moisten'd; all save one, where quiet
Was none, nor hope, nor intermission sweet
Of evil; through Israel's bounds havoc and death
Still raged dimensionless: the altar of God
Fall'n, and the sanctuary with rites profan'd
Idolatrous, their happy fields laid waste,
Empty and void their streets, their virgins dragg'd
To shame, their youths by torture slain, or sav'd
For misery and bondage. Therefore prayers,
Laments, and clamours, all night on the wind
Rose from the race to woe devote. But, far
From war or ruin, in Modin's lonely bounds
Retir'd the Maccabean family
By moonlight at the threshold of their house
Assembled sate; grey-headed in the midst
Mattathias, of five warlike sons the sire,
Spake of his country's woes: him with kind looks,
And more effectual words, his sons essay'd

To win from sorrow, and temper his despair,
Though sad themselves, yet smiling; sure to please
By such kind effort, whom they well might please
Not strenuous. Them thus occupy'd, beheld
Jehovah from his height, where girt with choirs
Cherubic, in th' excess of glory he sits,
Well-pleased beheld: he also heard the groans
Of that sad race, and after prelude sent
Of thunder, his ministrant spirit address'd.

"Michael, of heav'nly armies chief, and prince
Tutelar of that favour'd land, where dwell
My chosen tribes, into what state now fall'n
For their offence, thou seest, and with what weight
Of sorrow compass'd round, yet not by me
Forsaken, nor of former hope amerc'd:
Such pillar of defence will I provide
Against the heathen, who with impious arms
Have spoil'd my land, and in my fane set up
Their foul abominations; soon to quail
Before the young Deliverer, whom anon,
Great things by small evolving, I will call
From Modin, humble town, where now he bides,
To quell the Syrian might, set free my tribes

Enslav'd, and in Jerusalem restore
My worship; that so Israel, in success
Rememb'ring him who gave it, from their sins
May turn, and by well-doing raise my name
Among the heathen round. Go therefore thou,
My servant, and to Modin's walls repairing,
Stir up the spirit of him, whom 'midst his sons
Fast sleeping thou wilt find, Mattathias, green
In hardy age, to me and to my laws
From youth devoted; he with hope and zeal
New fir'd, shall in the wilderness set up
My standard, and around him many flock;
So shall he stoutly wage unequal war
Against th' oppressive Syrian; till with years
And honours crown'd, he dies, and from him dying
Judas his son, for might and feats of arms
Preferr'd above his brethren, next receives
The pow'r transmissive: he in many a fight
Conqu'ring, shall crown the labours which his sire
So well began, and to his brethren leave
The easier part, to 'stablish what he rais'd.
So shall not yet the sceptre from the hand
Of Judah pass, nor from his line the law;
Till in due lapse of years the promis'd seed,

Messiah, mine Anointed, come on earth
To finish my whole counsel, and proclaim
To Israel first, and then to all mankind,
Tidings of love and mercy without end."

He spake, and at his bidding Michael
From out the heav'nly orders, where he stood
Succinct for flight, advanc'd; and first, as wont
The ministers of heav'n, ere on their high
Commissions they set forth, before the throne
In sign of acquiescence bow'd, then spread
His starry wings, and through the pure white air
Of Heav'n pursu'd his flight; him all the host
Follow'd with acclamation, and sweet sound
Of praises to their God; till at the gates
Arriv'd, the crystal gates, self-op'ning gave
Easy descent adown the range adjoin'd
Of ample golden stairs, into the vast
Subjected universe: he on the verge
Of outmost Heav'n, poising for downward flight
His pinions, stood, then spread, and thro' the void
Descending, while all gaz'd around, with speed
By man immeasurable, tow'rd this earth,
Scarce visible in distance, though to eye

Of angel prime, so many and far between
Worlds interjected lay, he steers his flight.
As when from some far-potent land a ship
Swift tilting scuds the midmost brine, despatch'd
On weightiest errand to some foreign shore,
Island, or colony, or hostile port,
To subjugated realms some mandate high
Bearing, or what in senate full free states
To adverse states determine, peace or war:
Thus, but on higher quest, and with no track
Prest on th' etherial softness, flew the pow'r
Commission'd; and at length with slacken'd wing
On earth alighting, his appointed goal,
Paus'd, as from rapid flight, awhile, then spread
Refresh'd his plumes, and to the well-known realm
Of Judah steer'd his flight. Deep midnight yet
Slept on the earth, so swift had been through space
His passage, and the moon with placid light
Bath'd Modin's village cots, when on the roof
Of old Mattathias lighting, with quick glance
Inward directed (eye of angel prime
Interposition checks not,) he beheld,
Ev'n as foretold, the sons around their sire
Each on his couch compos'd. They, when they rose

From that sad converse, nought resolv'd, the meal
Of ev'ning shar'd, and the due rites perform'd,
Their inward souls by adoration calm'd,
Now in profoundest sleep (sleep comes profound
After sad thought) lay stretch'd; amidst them lay
Their sire, he too asleep, though not, like them,
Calm, but with troubled fancies vext, exhal'd
From daily thoughts: of wars and conquer'd fields
His dreams were, and of God's high law restor'd,
And vengeance for his violated fane
Exacted of the impious foe, who seem'd
Flying, while his flight with purple dropt the plain.
Him on such thoughts intent when Michael
Discern'd, with speed intuitive his plan
He form'd, and with exerted pow'r (such pow'r
Hath Heaven to its ministers of good
Committed,) chang'd the current of his thoughts,
Into new channels turn'd. [Such passion then
Arose, as when sweet music heard afar
Recalls past pleasant thoughts; or when the form
Of whom we early lov'd, and lov'd in vain,
Comes after day-light travail, to our sleep.*]

* * * * * *

* The concluding lines bear marks of interpolation.

BESIDE MY NIGHTLY FIRE.

FRAGMENT.

I.

BESIDE my nightly fire
I sit and muse alone:
Alone—for he is gone,
With whom awhile I held
Such converse light and cold
As uncongenial minds
And unresponding hearts could entertain.
The dew of sleep was heavy on his brow,
He went—perchance to dream
Of her, his love, his hope,
His solitary joy,
The light of his still heart:
Of her, to whom alone,
As by a spell laid open,
His deep-fraught soul discloses
The stores of love and beauty, that lie hid

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Within its shy recess.
He is gone—and all is still,
Save tread of passing foot,
Or the light flickering of the dying fire,
Or that strange sound, which in the hour of rest
Falls on the musing ear.

II.

O Silence! image of eternity!
Thou minister divine,
Sent to this lower sphere
To teach our grovelling souls
The awful joy of thought!
Thou that art strength and freedom, loosing us
From the benumbing clog of petty care,
And error, that enchains the work-day soul
In fetters strong as death:
O potent Silence! thou that wrappest us
As with a mystic curtain, shutting out
The obtrusive shews of sense,
And opening to our sight the world within:
O Silence! let me sink
In thy divine embrace;

Press mine enamour'd spirit to thy breast,
That I may melt into thee, and inhale
Through all my nature thy mysterious balm,
And rise upon thy wings
From out the lowness of this earthly self,
To that ideal land
Where changeless beauty reigns.

III.

The spell is on my soul:
I feel thy power around me like a sea,
A waveless and illimitable sea,
That lifts me from myself,
And bears me onward, onward, far away,
With swiftness passing thought,
To that etherial land.
They rise in dim array,
The beings of that inner world arise,
The forms of cherish'd things,
Not as on earth beheld,
But robed in that aerial loveliness
Which memory steals from heaven.

IV.

The vision opens—I behold
A ship, slow moving on its tranquil way
Across the nightly main.
The lights of eve are fading in the west,
And from the east looks forth
The yellow-blushing moon,
Tinging the pale grey clouds and far-seen wave
With her own glowing hue.
Upon the deck two youthful forms appear,
One, in whose virgin breast
A woman's heart hath just begun to beat;
Her cheek is passing fair, and in her eye
A still and pensive grace,
Attempering youth's fresh light.
A youth is with her, on whose brow
Hope, and the manliness of calm resolve,
And self-respect, sit blended; his fond eye
Is fix'd on that dear sister, and his hand
Is lock'd in her's; and now they commune hold,
Few words, but full of thought,
Of that far foreign land, and of the friends
Who wait them there, and the beloved land
They left behind: and by their side are seen

Two children fair, one full of infant mirth,
Tempting with many a wile
His grave-eyed brother's mood,
Still sporting round him, as the lamb
Sports round its mother in the sunny mead.
The solitary kiss
Oft in some sally of affection press'd
Upon her youthful lips
By her, whose livelong sorrows she had cheer'd
As with a daughter's love.

v.

The vision fades in air:
Another scene appears,
A fair and stately room,
On whose high roof and pictured walls the sun
Looks in with soften'd light.
Amidst that gentle gloom
A lady sits, with melancholy eyes,
And locks of faded gold,
Shading a wan and sorrow-wasted brow.
Wo for that maiden! a heart-withering law
Hath laid its iron hand

Upon her youthful spirit; she hath learnt
The self-tormentor's love, and hath resign'd
The natural joys of youth,
And social bliss, and the dear solaces
Of woman's love to woman,—so to please
A God of boundless mercy, so to wean
Her heart from earthly things.
And there she sits, her eyes fix'd vacantly
Upon that open page; her thoughts the while
Holding strange warfare with mysterious fears,
The spectres of the soul,
That haunt its dark eclipse.
But see, she smiles! a hand unseen
Hath touch'd the springs of tender memory;
Her early years return—she is again
A simple happy child;
The once-loved rural home
Is there, its closely-woven shade of trees,
Its walks and garden-bowers; and they are there,
Her young companions—they with whom she shared
Her prayers, her tasks, her sports; within whose arms
She slept so peacefully—
All, all returns—the woodland roam, the book
That pleas'd her childish thought,

The festal dance, the song, the merry eve
Spent by the winter fire; or, sweeter yet,
Like the soft mist around some rising star;
An exhalation from the soul within,
Where lofty thoughts and deep affections live
Sleepless, but silent still.

VI.

Again the vision changes—I behold
A little, lowly town,
Among green hills embower'd—

* * * * *

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO BEAUTY.

* * * * * *

Thou walk'st in darkness, Beauty!

* * * * * *

Earth with her bars is round our heart,*
We may not see thee as thou art,
Thy angel voice we may not hear,—
Too bright for mortal eye, too sweet for mortal ear!
Yet art thou, in thy widow's dress,
And in the weeds of thy lowliness,
More glorious far than aught this world enfoldeth;
Yea—the sole glorious! for what man beholdeth
Of grace, of wonder, or of majesty,
Is but the shade of thee!
Yea the great universe, with all its powers
Of good and ill,
Is but the passive instrument of thee,
A slave that knoweth not his master's will!
Like a hidden landscape, bright'ning
Only where thou send'st thy light'ning;
Or a lyre of various tone,
Answering to thy touch alone.

* The earth with her bars was about me.—Jonah ii 6.

STANZAS.

———————Blow soft, ye Winds;
Waft, Waves of Ocean, your beloved charge!
MADOC.

ACROSS the sea, across the sea,
Thou go'st, beloved Emily,
E'en in thy dance of youthful blood,
Thy opening flower of womanhood:
And with thee go affection's tears,
And trembling hopes, and stifled fears,
And recollections, which shall be
A living food of love to thee;
And nightly prayers for those so dear
Who think of thee and love thee here.

Thy lot is thrown—thy lot is thrown,
And thou must go to lands unknown;
From youthful friendships thou must part,
From many a warm domestic heart,
To dwell where foreign voices sound,
And all are foreign looks around;
Where none has felt, where none can share
Thy secret joy, thy secret care;
And all around, tho' fair it be,
Speaks of estrangement still to thee.

But youth has magic potence still
To turn to gladness every ill;
And hope shall be to thee a light
That, clouded oft, yet knows not night;
And brother's love shall still be nigh
To watch thee with unsleeping eye;
And He whose mercies are above
The tenderness of human love,
Shall steer thee safe thro' doubt and woe,
And send thee joy when none can know.

Then fare thee well, our Emily,
And prosperous may thy sojourn be!
Farewell—until the time shall come
That brings the dear-loved exile home;
When Love the happy tears shall dry,
Which fill that sweet and serious eye;
When all those now forsaken here
Shall seem, by absence, doubly dear,
And thy full spirit sink to rest
Upon thy home's beloved breast!

FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

FILL high the cup of memory!
To her the faithful and the kind,
Who sleeps beside the western sea,
The fair of eye, the wise of mind,
Who walked, in self-forgetful love,
A weary wild of grief and care;
Our type of peace, our household dove,
Gliding among us with still feet,
Breathing o'er all our hearts the air
Of her own spirit calm and sweet;
Made strong in meekness from above,
To help, to comfort, to endure;
And now hath found her home on high
Among the gentle and the pure:
Fill high the cup to Emily!

STANZAS.

THOU hast left us, dearest Spirit, and left us all alone,
But thou thyself to glory and liberty art flown;
And the song that tells thy virtues, and mourns thy early doom,
Should be gentle as thy happy death, and peaceful as thy tomb.

Thy place no longer knows thee beside the household hearth,
We miss thee in our hour of woe, we miss thee in our mirth;
But the thought that thou wert one of us—that thou hast borne our name,
Is more than we would part with for fortune or for fame.

Thy dying gift of love, 'twas a light and slender token,
And thy parting words of comfort were few and faintly spoken;
But memory must forsake us, and life itself decay,
Ere those gifts shall lie forgotten, or those accents pass away.

Farewell, our best and fairest! a long, a proud farewell!
May those who love thee follow to the place where thou dost dwell—
Like the lovely star that led from far the wanderers to their God,
May'st thou guide us in the pathway which thy feet in beauty trod.

MY SISTER.

SHE sang—perchance to wile the hours,
Or exercise her fairy powers;
She sang—I sat in silence by,
And listen'd to her minstrelsy.
I ask'd her not to wake the note
Which I lov'd best, because I thought
Choice and fore-purpose would destroy,
Or mar at least, the freeborn joy;
Therefore I sate in silence by,
And listen'd to her minstrelsy.
I took it, as a sweet thing sent
By nature, a stray gift, not meant
For me, yet in fruition
To all intents and ends my own;
And listen'd to it, e'en as I
Would to the chance-heard melody
Of the stock-dove from his bower,
Or lark from her aërial tour.

MUSIC.

THANKS for those soft and soothing numbers!
They've waked my dull heart from its slumbers;
And on the wings of thy sweet strain
I soar to life and love again.

By the spirit-thrilling sound
My chained feelings are unbound;
Like streams from winter-frost set free,
They leap and murmur joyously.

Hail to thee, Music! hail to thee!
Thou art the voice of Liberty!
—Swept in a flood of welcome tears,
Th' encroaching present disappears;

And to the soul's entranced eyes
In dim and ghostly beauty rise,
As on the feign'd Elysian green,
The forms of all things that have been.

And thoughts and fancies, a sweet throng,
That in the mind's dark corners long
Slumber'd unseen, come forth to play,
Like insects on a sunny day.

—Strange spell! yet wherefore seek to explore
The wondrous source of Music's power,
As children search the white rose through
To find the secret of its hue?

No—Sages, vainly ye endeavour
Mystery from life to sever;
Since man's best joys and loves are wrought
From things he comprehendeth not!

STANZAS.

Nay, let us hope! it is not vain—
Though many and many a joy be flown:
Sublimer blessings yet remain—
A few rich hearts are still our own;

A few, a very few, whose love
Nor fate nor years from us can sever;
And guiding light from Heaven above;
And Time, that smiles on firm endeavour.

There is a manliness in hope,
It sets the exorcis'd spirit free
To burst the present's cloudy cope,
And breathe in clear futurity.

There, pure from grief, and sin, and toil,
That shade the sky of passing time,
Lies a new world—an untrod soil—
A shadowy Eden, still in prime.

There, all we honour'd, all we lov'd,
More fair, more glorious still appears;
And hopes are crown'd, and faith approv'd,
And peace smiles calm on moonlight years.

And if, 'mid that delicious trance,
We waste one thought on present sorrow,
Its memory serves but to enhance
The blissful vision of to-morrow.

As when the shadowy Good repose,
Lapt on the green Elysian plain,
And dream awhile of earthly woes,
To wake in Heaven more blest again!

HORÆ SUBFUSCÆ.

"Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbras."—Æn. vi.

I.

Come not, dear thought of her I lost,
Amidst the cares of daily life;
Nor mingle with the vulture-host
Of self-reproach, or inward strife:

Nor come amidst the lighter joys,
Of youth and social feeling born;
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But in the mind's half-slumbering mood,
When weary care retires to rest,
When all within is solitude,
Descend, dear visionary guest!

—Nor come, sweet shadow that thou art!
Amidst the hum and glare of day;
Thy gentle visits to my heart
Must never meet her peering ray:

—But on the solemn verge of night,
When the great west is all on fire,
And, setting like a rose of light,
The sun seems softly to retire;

Or when the pearly moon on high
Her sail of beauty has unfurl'd,
And sheds in silence from the sky
Her softer sunshine o'er a sleeping world:

Or in that hour scarce less divine,
When twilight slowly yields to day,
And towers, and walls, and temples shine
White with the sun's unrisen ray:

—When nature and the hour sublime,
Have wrought a curtain fit for thee,
Come, daughter of departed time!
Come, in the might of memory!

Come, in the glory of the past,
The beauty which remembrance throws
O'er all the scene behind us cast—
Oh burst my dark and dull repose!

* * * * * *

II.

The buzzing night-fly round me play'd,
The hollow rain-drop patter'd nigh,
While on my couch at midnight laid,
I watch'd, and thought of Emily.

And now, as by the clouded beam,
I pace these cloister'd walks along,
That name is still my fancy's theme,
Th' awakener of my lonely song.

I see thee still, my gentle friend,
Though far by time and fate estranged;
I mark thee, turning, on me bend
That smile of playfulness unchanged.

Then, as the evening tapers shine,
Beside thy chair I stand again,
Or on the well-known couch recline,
And listen to thy thrilling strain.

—Forget not him, once dearly known,
Whom now thine eyes no more must see;
Forget not him, who here alone,
'Mid night and silence, thinks of thee!

III.

'Tis silence—save that on mine ear
A bird's low note is trilling nigh;
So soft, it serves but to endear
The solemn hour's tranquillity.

Save that the winds of morning play,
In half-heard murmurs, round my brow;
Save the hoarse watch-dog's distant bay,
Or my own footsteps pacing low.

As through these courts (that, lighted here,
By the pale dawn, lie there in shade,)
My slow unvaried course I steer,
What visions rise—what thoughts invade!

—I think, my Emily, of thee!
I think of happy moments past;
From our young days of amity
Down to the hour we parted last;

And those late meetings of delight,
So few, so short, so simply sweet,
They've left behind a track as white
As many a bliss more exquisite!

* * * * *

The dawn is brightening o'er the sky;
I go, perchance to dream of thee;
Farewell—and trust in Him on high,
My own heart-honour'd Emily!

IV.

'Tis night; the welkin dimly lours;
The lattice flaps with sullen sound;
I hear at times the rustling showers,
'Mid the dull wind that moans around.

But nought of human sounds is here:
The hum of daily life is flown;
Great Nature's voice is all I hear,
Amidst the gloom she walks alone.

TO INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY.

FRIEND of the human soul! not thee I call,
Who 'mid the clash of armies, or the noise
Of jarring senates, in auxiliar power
Present, though not in form (as of old time
Pallas) dost guide the patriot's tongue or sword
To vict'ry, prospering the rightful cause:
Not thee, but her thy sister-power, I call,
Of higher name, or shall I rather say
Thyself, in thy superior power address'd,
For ye are one; thou, whose *especial* seat
Is in the heart and in the faculties
Of heaven-descended man; on thee I call,
O Liberty, and to thy name exalt
A song of supplication and of praise,
O thou, more potent and more beautiful
Than aught by Grecian poet e'er invoked
In hymn or high-toned ode; for not like them
Art thou, an unessential form—a dream
Of grace and grandeur; but an effluence
Direct from the prime Spirit of Good, in whom
All beauty and all potency do dwell.

* * * * *

FRAGMENTS OF AN ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

——————Wilt *thou* too depart,
Genius, or Muse, or Feeling, or Delight,
Or Power, or Spirit, whatsoe'er thou art,
And by what name design'd, who dwell'st the light
Of song within us ——————

* * * * * *

Oh! sweet as Love, ere blunted by possession!
Sweet as the "vernal joy" by nature sent
Into the soul of man! whose best expression
Is in the heart's unspoken language; lent
To light our dulness, and with sweet aggression
Forcing old Night and Chaos to relent,
To waft aside the universal veil,
And make Creation's beauties visible.

Thou teachest man, that there is more on earth
Than what he hears, or sees, or feels, or knows;
An inward treasure, of uncounted worth,
Hid like the invisible honey in the rose;
A world of wonders,—a mysterious birth,
Which thou but to thy chosen dost disclose;

. .

An immaterial glory, passing far
All palpable light of gem, or sun, or star;

A cloud of beauty brooding o'er the world—

* * * * * *

Great spirit! beneath whose full-exerted power
Our bodily frame doth tremble, like a bough
Rock'd by the wind; before whom, in thy hour
Of charmed potence, the great mind doth bow
In royalest submission, with her dower
Of gifts and graces; yet can lift her brow
Triumphant, and with thee strange contest hold—
Controlling thee, and yet by thee controll'd.

For she can grasp thy influences, that fly
As vague and viewless as the folding air,
And fix them in her clayey moulds, thereby
To shape them into forms so glorious fair,
(Tho' spoil'd of half their might) that the great eye
Of earth shall, while time lasts, be riveted there;
The trophies of her splendid strife with thee,
Crowning that strife with immortality.

SONNET.

TO CATHARINE SEYTON.

So thou would'st tempt me, pretty Neophyte,
Me, bred in those learn'd halls whose sons erst broke,
With arm polemic, Rome's usurped yoke,
Though all unfit to wage with eyes so bright
And smiles so sweet the controversial fight;
Me, whom no few as Methodist assail,
Me thou would'st tempt to quit the happy pale
Of England's Church, to pope and priest my right
Of thought resigning. Cherish, gentle friend,
The new-found light, if light it be, and tread
Thy clouded path to heaven: and let me wend
My way, with difficulty sore bested,
Nor needing more incumbrances, alone,
Free from thy Church's fetters, and thy own!

TO HOPE.

KIND Spirit! balm of care and wrong,
Sweet playfellow of Reason,
Accept a light May-morning song,
A song of thy own season.

Thou 'rt fairer than thy comrade, Joy,
Though she's the younger sister;
Hadst thou been ours without alloy,
We never should have miss'd her.

Sweet Hope! thou lov'st us well, and yet
Thou wilt not serve us blindly;
Thou hast no petted favourite;
Who loves, must use thee kindly.

Too delicate for the rough play
Of boisterous expectations,
From their rude grasp thou slipp'st away,
And leav'st us to impatience.

We chide thee, Hope, and wish thee oft
By Pleasure superseded;
Yet thou art kind, however scoff'd,
And com'st again when needed.

Thou fall'st upon us like a gleam
Of sunshine unexpected;
Thy sports, like children's, aimless seem,
Yet are they heaven-directed.

We call thee false—'tis but thy ape,
The thing that so deceives us,
Comes without cause, an airy shape,
And without reason leaves us.

For thou art of immortal birth;
No thing of *here* or *now*;
Thy place of dwelling is on earth,
But not of earth art thou!

A WHIMSEY:

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

———" When thought is warm, and fancy flows,
What will not argument sometimes suppose?"
COWPER.

SHOULD chance send down to distant time
This motley thing of prose and rhyme,
Which friendly hands have thickly sown
With others' wisdom—or their own;
How will the men of future days,
(When this one age, with all its blaze
Of science, war, and minstrel lay,
Has vanish'd like a cloud away)
How will they ponder o'er this page,
The little mirror of an age,
Reflecting, as it onward winds,
The outline of departed minds!
How will they scan with eye intent
The sparks of song and sentiment,
Like floating clouds of many a hue,

Strewn o'er the welkin's surface blue!
To them the record shall unfold
What their grave fathers were of old;
What they disliked, and what approved,
And how they thought and how they loved.
—There shall the mingled forms appear,
Of timid Joy, and tender Fear;
Wisdom, with calm looks fix'd above;
The spectre of departed Love;
Ambition's bright and restless eye,
Still chasing Immortality;
And downcast Sorrow, in her shroud;
And young Hope, laughing through the cloud;
And Nature, in her robe of green,
Shall 'midst the varied group be seen.

Their hearts, as o'er the page they stray,
Shall feel its sympathetic sway;
For the same summer-breeze that blew
In days of yore, delights us too:
And the same loves, and joys, and fears,
Are still man's lot through endless years.
And Hope's full blood shall mantle high,
And Pity weep o'er woes gone by,

And Worth shall kindle at the lays
That flow in Truth's and Virtue's praise;
And youthful Love shall blush, when told
How youthful lovers felt of old;
And Beauty heave the half-heard sigh
For unrequited constancy.
—And they shall think upon the lot
Of those who lived when they were not,
Whose being yet with theirs was twined,
With that sweet feeling, undefined,
Wherewith we view the days gone by
Of unremember'd infancy.
—And while delighted they survey
These relics of an earlier day,
They 'll think well pleased of her, whose hand
Combined them in one fragrant band,
And bade them bloom in endless prime,
Like flow'rets on the tomb of Time.

SONNET.

TO A DREAM.

WERT thou an emanation from above,
Beautiful Dream? a ministring Mercy, sent
To win me from my sad bewilderment,
With thy sweet looks, and tones of heavenly love?
The weight of mortal sadness to remove;
To teach me that I was not quite forlorn;
That love, and peace, and joy, might yet return,
And high desires, that no one should reprove?
Hail, and farewell! and when, beloved one,
Thou dost return unto the land of sleep,
Tell the glad tidings of thy good deed done
To one whose soul was plunged in sorrow deep;
And send thy sisters here, on silver feet,
That they may make thy blessed work complete.

IMPROMPTU TO MISS ——.

Sæpe Venus potuit quod non potuere Camœnæ;
Quodque novem nequeunt, una puella facit.
D. Heinsii Poem.

I call'd my Muse, I bade her raise
A note in that fair stranger's praise:
Alas! in vain I tried;
For frozen was the stream of song,
And cold and lifeless on my tongue
The broken accents died.

Sweet spirit, wherefore thus unkind?
Has sickness o'er my palsied mind
Its spell of torpor cast?
Or cares, that on the bosom prey,
And steal the powers of youth away,
Ere youth itself is past?

Or has monastic solitude
With its own sluggishness imbued
A mind once wont to soar?
Or has dear woman ceased to be
The precious thing she was to me,
In happy days of yore?

Oh, no! though solitude, and care,
And pain, in me have had their share,
They cannot rend apart
The chord of feeling that replies
To woman's smile, and voice, and eyes,—
The chord within the heart.

Nor think, whate'er the heartless deem,
That woman e'er to bard can seem
A theme of little worth:
All things of glory or delight
In nature, are the poet's right,
His heritage by birth.

The clouds, the stars, the meek-eyed moon,
The splendours of the summer noon,
  The stream, the flower, are his;
Man's regal front—the mystery
Of beauty in an infant's eye—
  And woman's loveliness.

Whate'er is grand, or soft, or fair,
To him is as the stirring air,
  That wakes the leaves from sleep:
But woman's charm has stronger power,
To pierce his spirit's inmost bower,
  And search its riches deep.

Touch'd by the spell, his brain runs o'er
With fancies never known before;
  He feels within him rise
Powers, from himself erewhile conceal'd,
And wantons in the joyous field
  Of new-born energies.

Then can it be, that, exiled long
From the green paradise of song,
I've lost my skill of old?
Or is it doubt and anxious fear,
Lest haply to her timid ear
The strain sound rude and bold?

Whate'er the cause, forgive, sweet maid,
Him, who thus feebly has essay'd
To raise a note for thee;
And haply, at some distant time,
In that soft breast, this idle rhyme
May wake a thought of me.

TO MISS —— ——, ON HER MARRIAGE.

I'VE stood as with a child's delight,
And watch'd the Rainbow rise,
When, like a pleasant look, its light
Made glad the earth and skies;
And bathed mine eye in its rich glare,
Still gazing, till the vacant air
Absorb'd its many dyes,
And darkness settled, cold and dull,
On all that was so beautiful.

To cheer our cloister'd loneliness,
So did a lady come,
She and her soft-eyed sister-grace,
From a far island-home.
Her form, her mien, her joyous eye,
Her converse blithe, yet womanly,
On our sequester'd gloom
A bright but transient iris cast;
She came—she shone—and she is past.

The beam has vanish'd from our sight;—
  Has left us—to become
A star of never-setting light
  Within one happy home:
The gentle warmth of that sweet smile,
Which wont our passing looks awhile
  With gladness to illume,
A deeper bliss must now impart,
Concentred round one loving heart.

Then, lady, if my feeble song
  Speaks of a mind opprest,
Thou wilt forgive the unwilling wrong
  Done to a theme so blest.
Join'd in the bonds of that sweet tie
Whose thraldom is true liberty,
  With him thou lovest best,
May death but snap the chain of love
To bind its links more firm above!

STANZAS.

It is the hush of night; all sounds of life,
That jarr'd my sick ear through the live-long day,
The scoffer's heartless laugh, the voice of strife,
The murmur of dull talk are past away;
My bosom's secret, solitary woes
In the calm lap of silence find repose.

The warm soft arms of sleep are round the world;
The stars are walking on their mute career;
O'er town and waste one boundless gloom is furl'd;
Half sound, half silence, to the listening ear
There comes a tingling murmur, which doth seem
The everlasting flow of time's mysterious stream.

The sweet and solemn influence of the hour
Steals o'er me, like the coming on of rest;
My soul lies hush'd beneath the gentle power;
The shapes of fear and anguish, that infest
My thoughts by day, seem soften'd now and chang'd,
Like the relenting looks of one erewhile estrang'd.

Rest, troubled spirit, rest! confide in Him,
Whose eye is on thee thro' thy watch of pain;
When earthly comfort waxeth cold and dim,
Trust thou in that which doth for aye remain.
Thy heart-deep sighs to truth and freedom given,
Can find no answer here; but they are heard in Heaven.

SONNET.

THOU comest once again, beloved May!
Thou comest, but my heart is sick with care,
And haunting wrong and comfortless despair,
And fretting griefs that will not pass away:
Heartless I sit, and hopeless, day by day;
Wasting in thankless and inglorious toil,
Uncheer'd by living voice or friendly smile.
Oh could thy young and innocent smiles allay
The grief that burns within me! but too deep
The shaft of woe hath pierc'd; and therefore thou,
With all thy odours, sights, and harmonies,
Fresh airs, and sunny fields, and skies that weep
Glad tears, and boundless music, are but now
As the fair chamber where some sick man lies.

FRAGMENT.

I AM all alone by my silent hearth,
No smile of love, and no voice of mirth;
I am all alone, and my heart is sore
With thinking of days that are past and o'er.

I sit and watch the stately trees,
As they roll and murmur on the breeze,
Or follow the clouds as they fleet and play,
But my heart—my heart is far away.

My thoughts are wandering fast and wide,
Without an aim, and without a guide.

* * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

Oh! come to me now, for my sorrows are past,
And the cloud on my heart is dissolv'd at last;
Spirit of Poesy, come from above,
Come, on the wings of nature and love!

Come, while the yellow light streams thro' the pane,
And the air is fresh with the morning rain,
And the wind is up with its sweet wild voice,
Like a song of sorrow that bids us rejoice.

Come 'mid fancies gathering fast
'Mid thoughts of the present, and thoughts of the past;
Oh! come to me now! 'tis thy chosen hour,
And the spirits of evil no longer have power!

FRAGMENT.

I think of thee, I think of thee,
Thy name it murmurs from my strain,
When the silence of winter-noon is spread
Over house, and field, and forest shed,
And the Sun shines white through rain.
I think of thee, I think of thee,
When the Moon has climb'd her topmost hill,
When the glances of her bright eye fall
On silver pane, and whiten'd wall,
And the works of men are still.

* * * * * *

ODE TO ST. VALENTINE.

O THOU, who, since the rosy son
Of Venus tumbled from his throne,
Hast ruled the world of love;
Sole remnant of the saintly band,
Since fierce Reform from out the land
Thy worshipp'd brethren drove:

Propitious Power, to me be kind,
Inspire a loving poet's mind
With such persuasive art,
As, clothed in words of poesy,
May help me to the golden key
Of little Clara's heart.*

So will I build to thee a shrine,
Of books well-bound and letter'd fine,
Arranged in order due,
Of various shape, of various size,
Array'd in robes of thousand dies,
Green, purple, red, and blue.

* The young lady in question was born on the 14th of February, 18**.

There Shakspere's Juliet shall be seen,
And Sappho's Lesbian lays, I ween,
And Rabby's Ayrshire catches;
* * * * * *

There yearly, on thy sacred day,
A hecatomb of odes I'll pay,
And sweetest incense fling;
And Clara from her long dark hair
Shall cull, for thee, seven ringlets fair,--
A richer offering!

VINDICIÆ MARGARITANÆ.

SWEET name! that, utter'd or remember'd, brings
Before the thoughts a thousand lovely things;
Bright clustering pearls, and flowers of rainbow dyes,*
And dearer visions of beloved eyes:
Charming alike, whatever shape thou wear,—
Whether thou put on Peggy's rustic air,
Or smile from merry Meg's familiar face,
Or glide along with Marjory's ancient grace,
Or frisk as Madge, wild, mischievous, and sly,
Or tower in Margaret's courtly dignity;
Hail to thee still! and may the wretch profane,
Who blurs thy spotless fame with ribald stain,
Fall prone before the name he dares despise,
Unpitied victim of some Margaret's eyes;
And vainly penitent, with suppliant tongue
Retract his scorn, and mourn his slanderous wrong!

* The China-Aster, called in French la reine Marguérite.

THE CONTENTED LOVER.

"That which is established ought always to be considered as the best."
MORNING POST, Sept. 14, 18—.

I ASK not if the world enfold
A fairer form than thine,
Tresses more rich in flowing gold,
And eyes of sweeter shine.

It is enough for me to know
That thou *art* fair to sight;
That thou hast locks of golden flow,
And eyes of playful light.

I ask not if there beat on earth
A warmer heart than thine,
A soul more rich in simple worth,
A genius more divine.

It is enough for me to prove
Thou hast a soul sincere,
A heart well made for quiet love,
A fancy rich and clear.

Already by kind Heaven so far
Beyond my wishes bless'd,
I would not, with presumptuous prayer,
Petition for the *best*.

While thou art wise, and good, and fair,
Thou art that best to me;
Nor would I, might I choose, prefer
A lovelier still to thee.

STANZAS.

(WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM).

Shewing why the proprietor's face is so little altered from what it was a short time ago.

ONE day, as perch'd by Fanny's chair
I listen'd to her chat so blithe,
I turn'd my head, and who was there
But gruff old Time, with glass and scythe!

He, when he saw me, nodded low
His single lock;—full well knows he
That poets are his lords below,
And therefore pays them courtesy.

"And prithee," said I with a bow,
"Old Haymaker, what dost thou here?
Art come to furrow o'er a brow
Thou hast not touch'd for many a-year?

Beware! if to my cousin's eyes
Or cheeks thou dar'st do aught of wrong,
I'll disappoint thee of thy prize,
And shrine them in immortal song."

The greybeard answer'd,—"'Tis, indeed,
A task I've oft in vain essay'd;
For they, who are my friends at need,
In this distress refuse their aid.

Sickness, who wins me many breasts,
Assails this active nymph in vain;
And Care, my pioneer, protests
He can't find entrance to her brain.

And yet I've often ventured near,
Attempting, in my stealthy way,
With my slow-working razor here,
To pilfer charm by charm away.

But when I view the simple grace
That crowns the dear provoking charmer,
Her cheerful smiles, and merry face,
I can't find in my heart to harm her!"

SONNET.

I know thee not, sweet Lady, but I know
(At least they know who say so) that thou art
Lovely of form, and innocent of heart,
A creature of meek thoughts, and tears that flow
From quiet love, and happy smiles, that throw
A moonlight round them. And thou art the bride
Of one by faith and goodness sanctified,
High-hearted, gentle, wise, and firm in woe.
Ah! wherefore such transcendent gifts bestow'd
On one, so rich already? Why not given
To one, whose soul more needed such sweet stay;
Some hapless wight, like me, at random driven,
Lonely and sad, along life's rugged road,
Without a breeze of love to cheer me on the way?

SONNET.

THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!"

My heart leapt in me, as with swimming eye
I gazed upon that glossy kerchief white,
And the fair neck it shaded—'twas a sight
To steep a poet in fine phantasy
Of some Elysian world, or wake soft sigh
In the chill breast of woe lorn Anchorite.
Sweet maid! should it hereafter be my plight
To wander in some desert dull and dry,
Far from the haunts of men—alone to rove,
With my sad thoughts for partners, neither book,
Nor music, nor green field, nor woman's love,
To cheer my hopeless solitude—I'll look
To memory for my solace and delight,
And think of that fair neck, and glossy kerchief white!

MISS *****
TO HER SEVEN CORRESPONDENTS.

A SONG OF SEVENS.

We are seven.—Wordsworth.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay.—Moore.

Dear monitors! spare me your kind exhortations;
Believe me, I felt half appall'd as I read:
Such a storm of good counsel, from friends and relations,
Came rattling, like hailstones, round one little head!

Three warnings—three more—then another—good heavens!
Like a gun of distress, which seven echoes repeat:
'Tis plain, my affairs are at sixes and sevens,
When *all* my seven planets thus bodingly meet!

For a languishing lady, three doctors* are thought
A quorum sufficient, to kill or to cure;
But a synod of seven, though unwigg'd and unbought,
To consult on one's ills, makes assurance twice sure!

* Around the fair three dawdling doctors stand,
Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand, &c.
Loves of the Triangles.

You tell me, kind friends, that my bloom and my smiles
Will all pass away with the breeze of the hill,
And my eyes, that now wander like bright floating isles,
Like Delos of old, will grow moveless and still!

You tell me—but peace! 'tis in vain you would win me
To linger at sea, with my haven in view;
There's a sly little counsellor pleading within me,
And he's wiser by far, my seven sages! than you.

'Tis a hopeless attempt—though advice, like the Nile,
Thro' seven eloquent mouths in a deluge should pother—
When the winds of remonstrance blow one way the while,
And the magnet within points perversely the other!

HOR. 1. 22, IMITATED.

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus," &c.

The man, my MOULTRIE, arm'd with native strength,
And of his own worth conscious, needs no aid
Of venal critic, or ephemeral puff
Prelusive, or satiric quiver stored
With poison'd shafts defensive: fearless he
Sends forth his work, essay, or ode, or note
On crabb'd Greek play, or squib political.
Him nor the fierce *Eclectic's* foaming page
Aught troubles, nor the uncourteous *Times*, nor yet
The *Journal*, which, misnamed of *Classics*, deals
Its three-months' errors out. For me of late
In Johnian walks sole wandering, while the thoughts
Of Emily beyond my wonted bounds
Drew me excursive, a reviewer stern
Encount'ring, with kind words of courtesy
Accosted bland, and me, though ill prepared
For critic fight, assail'd not; scribe, like whom
Oak-crown'd Germania from her warlike shore

Sent never, nor the realm of Wallace old,
Dry-nurse of critics. Place me on the earth's
Far limit, where, o'er sluggish Muscovy,
The winds blow frore, and mists of ignorance dark
O'erhang the north side of the world: beneath
Some Dey's stern nod, in torrid Barbary
Place me, where books are none: yet, fearless still,
I'll sing of Emily, and, in fit strain,
Record her tuneful voice and thrilling smiles.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

'Tis now night; the skies are hung
With small bright stars innumerable, that seem
Heaven's eyelets, looking stilly down on man
And man's vain tumults. Many a studious head,
Its labour o'er and learn'd encounters, now
Rests on the pillow, that for many a day
Had toil'd from thorny premises t' extract,
By alchymy of subtlest argument,
Conclusions fair and smooth; had chas'd, thro' wilds
Of algebra, the shy retiring forms
Of x and z; or rung the mystic change
On notions and ideas, words and things,
And idol forms Baconian: or discoursed
Of angles plane, and ratios duplicate,
Inventions strange, and figures multiform,
Circle, and square, and shapely trine; or, arm'd
By Paley, with the social compact waged
Relentless war. Myself the while———

SONNET

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JANE *****.

Οὔ μοι δοκῶ ἁμαρτάνειν ἀτυχέστατον ἐμαυτὸν
ἡγούμενος τῶν πάντων ἀνθρώπων.

ANDOCIDES.

Cheer up! quoth Thalaba.—SOUTHEY.

JANE! when the doleful news, that thou wast wed,
Smote on my wounded ear, tho' told by one
Whose voice is pleasant as the vernal sun,
How could I choose but grieve? With aching head
Sleepless I lay, and mourn'd my comfort* fled,
On my lone couch reclined: till the mild moon,
Thro' the high window glancing, sweetly shone
On my hush'd heart, and to myself I said:
"Jane is not womankind: the sea has store
Of pearls as fair as ever diver's skill
Extracted thence: there is a goodly flower,
A snow-bright Lily, in a western bower
Blooming alone; there mayst thou light once more
Love's flame, nor brood in vain o'er cureless ill."

* φωνᾶν συνετοῖσι.

A POEM WITHOUT A TITLE.

SCENE—An unfrequented dell (if such can be found) on the banks of the river Teign, in Devonshire;—Time—Midnight.

STRANGER.

TELL me, Vision, and tell me aright,
Whence art thou come, with thy steps of light,
And wherefore skimm'st thou my pathway by,
With half-curl'd lip, and glancing eye?
Art thou a spirit of evil or good,
A sylph of the air, a fay of the wood,
Black or white, or grey or blue*—
Tell me, Wonder, and tell me true.

APPARITION.

I am a nymph of ocean-strain,
My grandsire he who rules the main.
Hither I come from my rocky height,
To sport with my neighbour fays by night,

* Black spirits and white
Blue spirits and grey.—SHAKSPERE.

Where the showers fall soft, and the grass is green,
On the moonlight banks of our kindred Teign.
Who art thou, with foot profane,
That darest invade our secret reign?

STRANGER.

Pardon, pardon, Lady bright!
I am a wayworn Sorcerer wight,
Bound to a cave in the uttermost west,
Where a peerless Witch has her home and her rest:
But omen dire, and starry sign,
Frowned midway on my bold design;
And now I must rest my weary wing
By the Sea-nymph's grot, and the Pixy's spring,
'Till joyous morn again appear—
Pardon, Lady! and gracious cheer.

APPARITION.

Now, by Triton's azure shell,
Man of guile! I know thee well.
Thou art the wizard, right I deem,
That dwells by a sluggish eastern stream,
Deep in a dark and joyless cell,
Reading the rhyme, and weaving the spell:

And now thou art come
From thy sullen home,
To blight our bowers of beauty and bloom,
And cast thy vapours of care and spleen
O'er our sunny waves, and our hills of green.
Mutter not thus thy magic strain,
Mightier than thou have braved me in vain.
I fix thee, I fix thee, Sorcerer sly,
With the charm of my lip, and the spell of my eye;
I doom thee, Creature of doubt and fear,
Seven bright days to wander here,
Scoffing at grandeur, and loathing at grace,
And pining in vain for thy own dark place.
My look is look'd, my say is said;
I must away to my ocean-bed.

STRANGER.

Now woe is me! that simple smile
Hath scatter'd my stores of sleight and wile:
Shame on my art! that little look
Hath baffled the might of my magic book,
And I melt away, like a night-cloud dun,
When pierced by the shafts of the joyous sun.
Hence avaunt, thou tricksy sprite!

My curse be upon thee, to ban and to blight—
" Mayst thou still laugh on in thy careless prime,
Nor e'er know the wisdom* that comes with Time."
Hie thee away, in thy mirth and scorn,
And come not again—'till to-morrow morn.

* Alluding perhaps to the sentiment of the poet, " To *grieve* is wise."

STANZAS.

COME forth, my True-love, from thy bower!
It is thy own beloved hour;
The hour of peace, the hour divine;
Come forth with me, my Theocrine!

Stretch'd out along the pale-blue sky
Long rosy clouds in slumber lie;
A sea of light, without a surge,
Is burning on the horizon's verge.

No human voice, no natural sound,
'Tis still above, beneath, around;
Through the great calm, alone is heard
The evening song of one mild bird.

'Midst this bright trance of heaven and earth,
How sweet with thee to wander forth,
Where the decaying sunlight glows
In snatches through the yellow boughs;

And watch thy still and serious eye,
Lit to its depth with feelings high;
And catch from thee the rapture proud,
As from the sun the kindling cloud!

—O blessed nature! not to me
Art thou a senseless phantasy;
Not with the sneer of sensual scorn
Look I on thee, thou heavenly-born!

Through the thick clouds that round me roll,
I lift to thee my struggling soul;
From sinful thoughts, from grief and fear,
Charm me, thou Spirit good and dear!

Teach me the sacred truths, that lie
Retired in thy deep-meaning eye;
And light my darkling soul, to see
The good invisible in thee!

TRANSLATIONS.

SCENE PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

Καὶ νὺξ ἐχώρει, &c.

——————So past
The night; nor aught of secret flight the Greeks
Attempted: but when morn, on steeds of light
Advancing, cheer'd the earth, glorious to view,
First, from the Greeks a loud symphonious hymn
To Echo, goddess of the neighbouring isle,
Was pealing heard; and Echo, on her part,
Flung back the war-song from the island rock.
Ours consternation seiz'd, and doubt, of high
Expectance foil'd; for not as to retreat
Attuned they their high pæan, but like men
With thoughts deliberate of fix'd fortitude
Moving to battle. The awakening trump
Set every heart on fire; and strait, to sound

Of chaunted notes, the accordant mariners
Swept with loud strokes the foaming brine; the fleet
Moved onward, and anon the whole array
Rose to our view. Foremost in phalanx meet
Moved the well-order'd right; the general fleet
Pursued, while through the whole these words were heard
Frequent and loud: "On, men of Greece! defend
Your land, your children, and your wives, defend
The altars of your gods, the sepulchres
Of your departed sires; ye fight for all!"
Ours opposite in Persian language rais'd
The cry of exhortation: time was none
For dallying: straightway with beak'd prow advanc'd
Ship battled ship—

FRAGMENTS FROM ENNIUS.

I.

Ilia's Dream.

———— Roused from her sleep,
The aged woman came, with tottering steps,
Ministering light; t'whom Ilia trembling yet
With terror of her dream, these words addrest.
"Daughter of old Eurydice, erewhile
Beloved of our father! lo, my life
Is gone, and my strength fails in every limb,
For anguish and deep dread. Methought a man,
Comely of semblance, rapt me in his arms
Through pleasant willow-groves, by river-banks,
O'er many an unknown wild. Then all alone
I wander'd, so it seem'd, in search of thee,
Thee, gentle sister, with slow step, and eye
Intent to mark thy foot-prints; but no trace
My toil requited; nor did any path
Steady my steps. Methought our father then

Spake to me: 'Daughter,' thus he said, 'by thee
A weary weight of woe must first be borne;
Then from the river-depths thy happier doom
Shall once again emerge.' So saying, sister,
He disappear'd all suddenly, and left
My longing eyes unsatisfied; though oft
To the blue fane of heaven I spread my hands
Weeping, and call'd him oft with tender voice.
Slowly at length from my o'erburthen'd heart
The weight of slumber past."

II.

ROMULUS AND REMUS TAKING THE AUSPICES.

——————Eager alike
With thirst of empire, both at once consult
The heavenly signs. Here Remus, by due rites
Unto the augur's office consecrate,
Sits on his hill alone, watching the flight
Of ominous birds; there on the Aventine
The goodly form of Romulus is seen,
Upon the winged oracles of heaven

He too intent; their contest, which should name
The city, whether Rome should be its style,
Or Rema; while the assembled tribes beneath,
Suspense in expectation, wait the event.
As in the Circus, when equestrian games
Are pending, and the Consul yet forbears
To wave the signal-flag, the multitude
Throng round the barriers, eager to behold
The rival chariots issuing from beneath
The pictured arch; so these in silence wait
The dread award, expectant, whom the gods
Should favour, to which part should be assign'd
Victory and rule. Meanwhile the bright sun sank
Into the gulphs of night; next issued forth,
At her due hour, the radiant dawn; nor long,
Ere from on high a bird of fairest plume
Flew leftward. That same instant in the east
Uprose the golden sun. On prosperous wing
Borne from the loftiest region of the heavens
And most propitious, twice three pair are seen
Of hallow'd fowl. Them Romulus from far
Descrying, joyful to himself beholds
The proud prerogative assign'd, his throne
By omens stablish'd sure, and empire seal'd.

III.

PYRRHUS TO THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS.

I ASK no gold: proffer no price for these.
Like warriors, not like traffickers in war,
With steel, not gold, wage we the mortal strife
Decisive. Whether sovran Fate ordains
To you, or me, the empire, or what else
She purposes, let mutual valour try.
Yet further; they, who have not lost their worth
By the award of battle, shall not lose
Their liberty by mine: priceless receive
Your comrades: may the gods confirm the boon.

PART OF A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

Alas, my heart! I knew not thee,
When I mistook for passion's blaze
The casual glow which Phantasy
Throws o'er each object it surveys!
Alas, my heart! I knew not thee,
When at the shrine of Vanity
I gave my hours a sacrifice:—
How deep the crime! how dear the price!

What comfort can they now impart,
The pomp of song, the specious lie,
The play of mind, and not of heart,
Delirious Fancy's extasy?
The meteor fires of mimic Love
Uncheering o'er the bosom move:
There is no flame, except the true,
That lights the heart and warms it too!

My heartless folly has profaned
The noble name of genuine Love,
His soul-deep joys, his griefs unfeigned,
Whate'er can touch, whate'er can move:

I've sung, in accents of desire,
A false, fantastic, worthless fire,
And drest in language proud and high
A base and vulgar phantasy.

* * * * * *

Dear absent girl! whose simple worth,
With every charm of form combined,
And generous love, and artless mirth,
And soft humanity of mind,
Might well have merited to prove
A firmer faith, a worthier love;
How little could *he* know his heart,
Who e'er resolved with thee to part.

'Tis o'er; the fleeting dream's forgot;
Remorse and Love remain alone;
I see my whole unhappy lot,
And sigh to think how much is gone.
Yet hear my oft repeated lay:
"Not guilt, but folly made me stray!
I knew not my own heart: forgive
The senseless crime, and bid me live!"

GREEK EPITAPH, BY Fr. THIERSCH.

In Rhigam et Socios cum ipso interemptos.

Οὗτοι ἐλευθερίην θηρώμενοι ἀγλαόμορφον,
εὗρον ἐπὶ ξυλόχοις ὀκρυόεντα μόρον.
χαίρετε, θηρευταὶ κοιμώμενοι, εἰσόκεν Ἠὼς
ἔλθῃ, ἀπ' Οὐλύμπου λαμπάδ' ἀνισχομένη.
καὶ τότ' ἐγειρόμενοι πολίων βρόμῳ ὀρνυμενάων,
δαίμονες εἰς ἄγριαν σπεύδετ' ἀλεξίκακοι.

Free Translation of the Above.

Here rests a band of valiant youths, who late
Following thro' Grecian woods a glorious game,
Hunters of Freedom, 'mid those treacherous wilds
Untimely fell. Sleep in your moss-grown tombs,
Brave hunters! sleep, nor let impatient dreams
Of hope disturb your rest: the cheerful morn
Is nigh, when ye awaken'd by the shouts
Of the reviving nations, shall arise
Bright genii, guardians of the woods, to lead
The chase ye loved of old,—not *then* in vain!

JUVENILIA.

PUBLISHED ORIGINALLY WITH GUSTAVUS VASA.

TO THE COMET, 1811.

WRITTEN ON ITS APPEARANCE.

Be ye not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them. JER. x. 2.

COMET! who from yon' dusky sky
Dart'st o'er a shrinking world thy fiery eye,
Scattering from thy burning train
Diffusive terror o'er the earth and main;
What high behest dost thou perform
Of Heaven's Almighty Lord? what coming storm
Of war or woe does thy etherial flame
To thoughtless man proclaim?
Dost thou commissioned shine
The silent harbinger of wrath divine?
Or does thy unprophetic fire
Thro' the wide realms of solar day
Mad Heat or purple Pestilence inspire?

Thro' all her lands, Earth trembles at thy ray;
And starts, as she beholds thee sweep
With fiery wing Air's far illumined deep.

The Eternal gave command, and from afar,
From realms unbless'd with heat or light,
The mournful kingdoms of perpetual Night,
Unvisited but by thy glowing car,—
Radiant and clear as when thy course begun,
Swift as the flame that fires th' etherial blue,
Thro' the wide system, like a sun,
Thy moving glories flew.
Thou shinest terrific to the guilty soul!
But not to him, who calmly brave
Spurns earthly terror's base control,
And dares the yawning grave:
To one superior Will resigned,
He views with an unanxious mind
Earth's passing wonders,—and can gaze
With eye serene on thy innocuous blaze,
As on the meteor-fires, that sweep
O'er the smooth bosom of the deep,
Or gild with lustre pale
The humid surface of some midnight vale.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.*

WHERE, in the midst of vast infinitude,
The arm creative stopp'd,—dread bound of space,
Alien to God, and from his sight exil'd,
Hell rolls her sulph'rous torrents. There, nor law
Of motion, nor eternal Order reigns;
But anarchy instead, and wild uproar,
And ruinous tumult. Now with lightning speed
Th' accursed sphere, with all its flames, flies up
Into the void abrupt, and with its roar,
With groans commixt, and shrieks, and boundless yells,
Astounds the nearest stars: calm now and slow,
With dreadful peace the universal waves
Of sulphur roll, and pour a mightier flood
On those tormented, their eternal crimes
Avenging with fresh pain and sharper darts

* This is the conclusion of the Ninth book of the Messiah, where Obaddon, or Seven-fold Revenge, one of the angels of death, carries the soul of Judas Iscariot to hell.

Of never-dying torture.—They meanwhile,
The caitiff and his puissant guide, on wing
Impetuous, skirt creation's flaming waste,
And suns innumerable, and with prone flight
Descending down, light sheer upon the coast
Of outmost Night. The guard seraphic knows
That power ministrant,——————
——————————and with quick despatch
Unfolds the Stygian doors, that jarring hoarse
Slow on their adamantine hinges turn'd,
And open'd to their ken the dread abyss,
Unfathomably deep, mother of woes.
Not mountains pil'd on mountains would close up
Th' infernal entrance: they would but increase
Its native ruggedness. No path leads down
To those abhorred deeps. Close by the gate
Impendent rocks with fiery whirlwinds cleft
For ever fall into the deep abyss,
Continuous ruin.——————————
——————————On the hideous brink
Of this great tomb, where Death nor sleeps, nor dies,
In dreadful silence, with the wretch hell-doom'd,
Stood the Death-angel.——————————

BEGINNING OF THE THIRTEENTH ILIAD.

TRANSLATED IN IMITATION OF WALTER SCOTT.

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρῶάς τε καὶ Ἕκτορα νηυσὶ πέλασσε, &c.

I.

From Ida's peak high Jove beheld
The tumults of the battle-field,
The fortune of the fight—
He marked, where by the ocean-flood
Stout Hector with his Trojans stood,
And mingled in the strife of blood
Achaia's stalwart might
He saw—and turn'd his sunbright eyes
Where Thracia's snow-capped mountains rise
Above her pastures fair;
Where Mysians feared in battle-fray,
With far-famed Hippemolgians stray,
A race remote from care,
Unstained by fraud, unstained by blood,
The milk of mares their simple food.
Thither his sight the God inclines,
Nor turns to view the shifting lines

Commix'd in fight afar:
He deemed not, he, that heavenly might
Would swell the bands of either fight,
When he forbade the war.

II.

Not so the Monarch of the Deep:
On Samothracia's topmost steep
The great Earth-shaker stood,
Whose cloudy summit viewed afar
The crowded tents, the mingling war,
The navy dancing on the tide,
The leaguered town, the hills of Ide,
And all the scene of blood.
There stood he, and with grief surveyed
His Greeks by adverse force outweighed:
He bann'd the Thunderer's partial will,
And hastened down the craggy hill.

III.

Down the steep mountain-slope he sped,
The mountain rocked beneath his tread,
And trembling wood and echoing cave
Sign of immortal presence gave.

Three strides athwart the plain he took,
Three times the plain beneath him shook;
The fourth reached Ægæ's watery strand,
Where, far beneath the green sea-foam,
Was built the monarch's palace-home,
Distinct with golden spire and dome,
And doom'd for aye to stand.

IV.

He enters: to the car he reins
His brass-hoofed steeds, whose golden manes
A stream of glory cast:
His golden lash he forward bends,
Arrayed in gold the car ascends;
And swifter than the blast,
Across th' expanse of ocean wide,
Untouched by waves, it passed:
The waters of the glassy tide
Joyful before its course divide,
Nor round the axle press:
Around its wheels the dolphins play,
Attend the chariot on its way,
And their great Lord confess.

LATIN POEMS.

I.

Ἡρπαζον—οὐκ ἐχοντός πω αἰσχύνην τούτου τοῦ ἔργου, φερόντος δέ καί δοξης μᾶλλον. Thuc. Lib. I.

Pirata loquitur.

Quid nos immeritâ, turba improba, voce lacessis,
Sanguineasque manus, agmina sæva vocas?
Quidve carere domo, totumque errare per orbem
Objicis, et fraudem cæcaque bella sequi?
Non nobis libros cura est trivisse Panætî,
Nec, quid sit rectum, discere, quidve malum;
Hæc quærant alii: toto meliora Platone
Argumenta manu, qui gerit arma, tenet.
Et tamen, ut primi repetamus sæcula mundi,
Omnibus hæc populis pristina vita fuit:
Lege orbis caruit: leges ignavior ætas
Excoluit, patrium deseruitque decus.
Ut culpent homines, Dîs hæc laudare necesse est;
Nec pudet auctores fraudis habere Deos.

Ætheriam bello rapuisti, Jupiter, arcem ;
Quam, dicat genitor si tibi, Redde ; neges.
Fertur Atlantiades, nobis venerabile numen,
Surripuisse omni plusve minusve Deo.
Legiferos alii celebrent justosque poëtæ ;
Mæonides nostri nominis auctor erit.
Sisyphium canit ille ducem, canit inclyta Achillis
Pectora : prædonum ductor uterque fuit.
Lyrnessum Æacides, Ciconas vastavit Ulysses ;
Num facta est tali gloria clade minor ?
Tu quoque pro raptâ pugnabas, Romule, turbâ,
Et fur imperium furibus ipse dabas.
Armiger ipse, Jovis, qui prædâ vivit et armis,
Inter aves primum nomen habere solet.
At vaga turba sumus. Vaga erat Tirynthia virtus ;
Quam tamen in cœlum sacra Camæna vehit.
Anne viro, lucrum trans æquora longa secuto,
Dedecori est tantas explicuisse vias ?
Si genus in toto quæris felicius orbe,
Falleris : est nobis æmula vita Deûm.
Nec fora, nec leges colimus ; nec aratra subimus ;
Prædandi est solus militiæque labor :
Seu ruimus per aperta maris, seu cingimus igne
Mænia, seu cultis exspatiamur agris.

Oppida quum positis florent ingloria bellis,
Fortia pax altâ corda quiete tenet :
At nobis medio Fama est quæsita periclo,
Quòque magis durum est, hôc magis omne placet.
Plurima quid referam ? Si tu ista refellere nescis,
Vicimus, inque auras crimen inane fugit.

II.

——————————Ἀντόλας ἐγω
Ἄστρων ἔδειξα, τὰς τὲ δυσκρίτους δυσεὶς Æsch.

Densantur tenebræ: subsidunt ultima venti
Murmura, tranquillumque silet mare: Somnus ab alto
Advehitur gelidis, spargitque silentia, pennis.
Musarum intentus studiis, taciturna per arva
Deferor, herbosamque premunt vestigia vallem.
Somnus habet pecudes: humili de cespite culmen
Apparet rarum, et sparsæ per pascua quercus.
Fons sacer, irriguos ducens cum murmure flexus,
Vicinum reddit fluvio nemus: æquore puro
Vibrantes cerno stellas, atque ordine longo
Lucida perspicuis simulacra natantia lymphis.

Fulgore assiduo et vario convexa colore
Ardebant nuper: rapidi violentia cœli
Torrebat pecudes, et languida rura premebat.
Nunc sedata novos spirat Natura decores,
Regalique magis formâ nitet. Æthere toto
Se stellæ agglomerant: micat almo lumine campus
Cærulus, et densis variantur nubila signis.

Sic quondam ruptum subiti miracula mundi
Effudit Chaos, et primi exsiluere planetæ
Cursibus, atque novum stupuerunt sæcula Solem;
Tunc radiis fulsere Arcti, secuitpue profundas
Orion tenebras: molli et formosior igne
Luna per æquoreos radiavit pallida fluctus.
Quâcunque aspicio, tremulus per cœrula crescit
Ardor, et innumeros stupeo lucescere soles.

Talia miranti sacrâ formidine tota
Mens rapitur; videor stellantia visere templa
Numinis, argenteamque domum, lucisque recessus,
Solus ubi in vacuo regnat Pater orbis, et igne
Cinctus inexhausto, devolvit stamina fati,
Æquatoque regit varium discrimine mundum.

At tu corporeis anima haud retinenda catenis,
Libera quæ letho perrumpis claustra sepulchri,
Sublimi spectes etiam nunc lumine mundum,
Sideraque, et longo fulgentes limite soles:
Hæc tua sunt: toto hôc quondam versaberis orbe
Devia, et in cunctis pandes regionibus alas.
Erroris fugient nebulæ; fatique licebit
Explorare vias, unumque per omnia Numen.

Barbarus evictis referat Sesostris ab Indis
Signa; triumphanti se jactet in axe Philippus,
Læteturque suum spectans Octavius orbem:
Te majora manent: nullis obnoxia curis
Regna petis, domitâque nitet victoria morte.

III.

DIVI PAULI CONVERSIO.

Humentes abiere umbræ, et jam lampada opaco
Extulit Oceano Phœbus, noctemque fugavit;
Jamque, brevem excutiens somnum, rapit arma Saülus,
Ingrediturque iter; hunc denso circum undique ferro
Agmina funduntur, strictisque hastilibus horret
Omne solum, et tremulus telorum it ad æthera fulgor.
Corripuere viam celeres; jamque alta Damasci
Mœnia cernuntur, raræque ex æquore turres.
Lætatur spectans, immensaque pectore versat
Funera, sanguineumque videt fluere undique rivum,
Invisamque unâ gentem miscere ruinâ
Posse putat: summâ veluti de rupe leæna
Sopitas prospectat oves, ubi plurima toto
Incumbit nox campo, illunemque æthera condit.
Haud aliter furit, et flammantia lumina torquens
Talia voce refert: "Magni regnator Olympi,
Ultricem firma dextram, justoque furori
Annue, et ipse novam spira in mea pectora flammam.
Robora da gladiis insueta, adde ignibus iras.

Sic ego templa tua et sacros spernentia ritus
Pectora confundam; fausto sic numine lætus
Reliquias vincam sceleris; vastam ipse ruinam
Aspicies, pater, et stellanti summus ab arce
Accipies gemitus morientûm, et fulmine justum
Confirmabis opus; lætabitur æthere toto
Sancta cohors, magnique ibunt longo ordine patres
Visuri exitium, et pravorum fata nepotum!"
Dixerat; interea medium Sol attigit orbem,
Et totum jubar explicuit: quum creber ad aures
Auditur fragor, et volucres per inania cœli
Hinc atque hinc fugiunt nubes: dant flumina murmur
Insolitum, vastæque tremunt sine flamine sylvæ.
Obstupuere omnes: subito quum lumine nimbus
Signat iter cœlo, et, radiis totum æthera complet:
Collesque fluviique micant, pulsisque tenebris
Lætantur sylvæ: veluti quum Luna coruscam
Extendit per aperta facem. Sacer erubuit Sol,
Agnovitque Deum, densisque recessit in umbris.
Attoniti siluere viri, manibusque remissis
Sponte cadunt tela: insolito ferus ipse timore
Diriguit ductor, stravitque in pulvere corpus.
Quum subitò nova vox, mille haud superanda procellis,
Excidit, et juveni trepidantia pectora complet:

" Quo gressus, vesane, rapis? quæve effera menti
Impulit infandum dementia inire laborem,
Et gentes vexare pias? Huc flecte superbos,
Huc oculos; ego sum quem vanâ fraude lacessis,
Tartarei domitor regni, prolesque Tonantis.
Flecte viam ventis, motâ quate littora dextrâ,
Siste maris cursum, aut medio rape sidera cœlo;
Non tamen hoc facies; neque enim gens concidet unquam
Nostra, nec humani patietur damna tumultûs.
Cede Deo tandem, et cæptos compesce furores."

Tum vero ingenti pressus formidine mentem
Intremuit juvenis, rupitque has pectore voces:
" Cedo equidem, victusque abeo: tu maxime rerum
Suffice consilia, atque errantes dirige gressus.
Immanes fugere animi, et quà ducis eundum est.
Sit modo fas te, Christe, sequi!" Nec plura locuto
Intonuere poli, et mediam inter fulgura vocem
Audiit: " Infaustos animis depone timores,
Vicinamque urbem et celsæ pete tecta Damasci.
Ipse adero, rerumque oculis arcana recludam.
Eia age, carpe viam, et permissis utere fatis."

Hoc Deus, et sese nubis caligine septum
Claudit inaccessâ; tellus tremit, et sonat æther,
Terque per attonitos vibrantur fulmina campos.
Jamque novæ exierant flammæ, et Sol redditus orbi:
Assistunt Domino turmæ, gelidamq ue resurgens
Linquit humum Saulus: sed non redit ossibus ardor,
Non oculis lumen; subitis exterrita monstris
Haud aliter juveni stupuerunt pectora, quàm cùm
Fulmina si flammis straverunt forte bisulcis
Coniferam pinum, aut surgentem in sidera quercum,
Agricola exsurgit conterritus, et pede lustrat
Exustum nemus, et pallentes sulphure campos.
Explorat latè noctem, cæcosque volutat
Hinc atque hinc oculos, et ab omni nube Tonantis
Expectat vocem. Intereà regione viarum
Progreditur notâ, et Syriam defertur ad urbem:
Non, oriens qualem nuper Sol viderat, acri
Non animo stragem intentans, non ense coruscus
Fulmineo: supplex, oculosque ad sidera tendens,
Demissâ sine fine trahit suspiria mente,
Immiscetque preces. Tres illic septus opacâ
Nube dies peragit, totidem sine sidere noctes.
Intereà nova paulatim sub pectore flamma
Nascitur, æthereoque viget nutrita calore:

Erroris fugiunt nebulæ ; sacer ingruit ardor
Cœlestisque fides ; dant corda immitia pacem,
Mutanturque animi : placido ceu murmure labens
Æternos ducit per saxa rigentia cursus
Fons sacer, et fluvio tacite mollescit opaco.

Quin etiam, ut perhibent, animam sine corpore raptam
Flammifero alati curru avexere ministri,
Ad superasque domos, et magni tecta Parentis
Fulmineæ rapuere rotæ : medio æthere vectus
Miratur sonitum circumvolventis Olympi,
Sideraque, et rutilo flagrantes igne cometas ;
Inde cavi superans flammantia mœnia mundi,
Elysias spectat sedes, et casta piorum
Regna, ubi cæruleâ vestitus luce superbit
Latè æther, aliis ubi fulgent ignibus astra,
Atque alii volvunt lætantia sæcula Soles :
Et puro cernit volitantes aëre Manes,
Quos rutilâ cingit jubar immortale coronâ,
Oblitas terrarum animas, venerabile vulgus.

Tertia jamque diem expulerat nox humida cælo,
Et medios tenuit per vasta silentia cursus :

Cæsarie subito et vittâ venerabilis albâ
Visus adesse senex, talesque effundere voces;
"Surge, age, nate: tibi nam vitæ certa patescit
Semita, teque Deus cœlo miseratus ab alto est.
Ipse ego, quæ tristes hebetant caligine visus,
Eripiam nubes, exoptatumque revisent
Solem oculi." Divinâ hæc talia voce loquentem
Involvere umbræ tenuisque refugit imago,
Excutiturque sopor. Nova dum portenta renarrat,
Auditâsque refert voces; fugit æquora currus
Solis, et ignotus tacitum subit advena limen,
Compellatque viros: eadem altâ in fronte sedebat
Majestas, isdemque albebant crinibus ora.
Agnovit vocem juvenis; nam cætera nigræ
Eripuere oculis tenebræ. Tum talibus Annas
Aggreditur senior: "Patriæ te, Saule, petitum
Linquo tuta domûs, ac mille pericula ferri
Invado, sævumque adeo imperterritus hostem.
Nam, qui te medio errantem de tramite vertit,
Imperat ipse Deus, perque alta silentia noctis
Ingeminat mandata monens. Nunc accipe lucem
Amissam, mūnusque Dei." Nec plura locutus
Pallentes oculos dextrâ premit: atra fugit nox
Cœlestes tactus, aciemque effusa per omnem

Irruit alma dies; primi nova lumina Solis
Haurit inexpletùm, et fugientia sidera lustrat.
Sed major puro accendit divina calore
Lux animos, atque exsultantia pectora complet.
Ante oculos nova se rerum fert undique imago:
Deletas veterum leges, renovataque cernit
Jura homini, et pactum divino sanguine fœdus;
Edomitam mortem, ruptique arcana sepulchri,
Perpetuamque diem, atque æterni vulnera leti.
Explorat tacitus sese, et vix cernere credit,
Quæ mens alta videt; tantâ formidine vasta
Exterret rerum species, mixtoque voluptas
Ingruit alta metu: velut insuetum mare pastor
Observans oculis, vastique silentia ponti,
Horret, et ignoto perculsus corda timore
Hinc atque hinc oculos jacit, æternùmque volutos
Miratur fluctus, tantarum et murmur aquarum.

Exsurgit tandem, rumpitque silentia voce:
"Æterni salvete ignes! salve aurea nostris
Reddita lux oculis! Tuque, O, qui primus inane
Rupisti, et variâ jussisti effervere flammâ,
Adsis nunc, pater, et placidus tua numina firmes.
Da mihi vitai casus, sævosque labores

Perferre, et cunctis tua nomina pandere terris,
Magne parens! et quum gelidis inamabilis alis
Summa dies aderit, tardæ prænuntia mortis,
Cunctanti adspires animo, justosque timores
Imminuas, ducasque animam in tua regna tremen-
tem!"

Vix ea fatus erat; per nubes ales apertas
Devolat ætherio demissus ab axe satelles,
Alloquiturque virum, placidoque hæc incipit ore:

Macte novâ, Isacide, virtute; opus excipe mag-
num;
Afflatuque Dei et præsenti numine fortis
Perge, viamque rape invictam per littora mundi.
Non tumidum mare, non sævi violentia belli,
Nec populi rabies, circùmque volantia tela,
Immotos quatient animos; sacrum omnia vincet
Auxilium, et præsens favor omnipotentis Olympi.
Graia tibi excussâ cedet Sapientia cristâ,
Ore tuo devicta; trement regna excita latè
Cecropis, et vario splendentia numine templa.
Te mæsti æterno reboantia murmure ponti
Agnoscent Melitæ saxa, et quæ pulcher Orontes

Arva secat, fluvioque vigens Tiberinus amæno,
Et vix Ausonium passura Britannia regnum.
Audiet Ionii littus maris, atque ubi fluctus
Ægæi sonat, atque ubi turbidus Hellespontus
Sævit, et angustâ populos interstrepit undâ.
O nimium dilecte Deo, cui concidit ingens
Oceani fragor, et rabidæ silet ira procellæ,
Pacatusque cadit, infecto vulnere, serpens.
Perge, atque immensum laudes diffunde per orbem.
Per freta, per flammas, per mille pericula, vade
Impavidus; miseros refice, atque petentibus almam
Da requiem populis; animam pater ipse, laborum
Defunctam, Christumque pari jam morte secutam
Excipiet, cæloque novum decus inseret alto.

IV.

Cœlestis Sapientia. Hor.

QUALEM in profundi gurgitibus maris
Undæque, ventique, et scopuli graves
Nautam lacessunt, et trisulca
Quæ volitat per inane flamma,
Quum nulla amicis dat pharon ignibus
Fortuna; dum Nox signa per horridas
Diffundat auras, et benignâ
Luna face imminuat tenebras:
Sic prima cæcam gens hominum tulit
Ignara vitam: regna nec Elysî
Novere, nec valles opacas
Tartareæ timuere sedis;
Non spes futuri, non reverentia
Cœlestis aulæ; culpa piaculis
Vacavit, Eleique luci
Fatidicæ siluere frondes:
Donec reclusâ cælicolûm domo,
Jussu parentis, dicitur huc cohors
Venisse Musarum, capillos
Castaliâ redimita lauro,

Sacramque qui Delum et Pataram regit,
Cyrrhæque turres : increpuit lyram
Thalia, divinoque cantu
Tristia personuere regna ;
Quo bruta tellus, quo volucres vagæ, et
Dura improbarum pectora tigridum,
Regesque, bellantesque turmæ
Insolitâ tacuere curâ.
Informe primùm vox cecinit Chaos,
Terrasque natas, Iäpeti et genus
Infame, Phlegræamque pugnam,
Et triplici data jura mundo :
Panduntur arcana, et Superûm domus,
Virtusque, legesque, et ratio boni,
Oræque Cocyti dolentis,
Et placidæ loca amœna Leuces.
O, quæ coruscam concutis ægida,
Frangens tyrannorum arma minacium,
Regina Pallas, dona nobis
Cælicolùm inviolata serva ;
Quam misit æterni arbiter ætheris
Terras in omnes, ut Sapientiæ
Accensa duraret per ævum
Stella, nec in tenebras abiret !

Te novit Argos, cultaque divitis
Sedes Corinthi; Cecropias modò
  Turres et Ilissi colebas
    Pascua, floriferosque saltus;
Nunc Martialis mœnia Romuli,
Et regna Tuscis subdita montibus;
  Nunc arva terrarum remota, et
    Æquorei scopulos Britanni.
Tu, Diva, rerum detegis ordinem;
Gaudesque primis nubila gentibus
  Obducta, nulli pervia astro,
    Et Stygiâ graviora nocte
Rupisse. Frustrà dissociable
Objecit atrox Oceani fretum
  Neptunus, insanique rauco
    Turbine confremuere fluctus:
Vicit furentes, te duce, navita
Ventosque, et undas, claustraque saxea
  Perrupit, extremumque mundi
    Impavidus penetravit axem.

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